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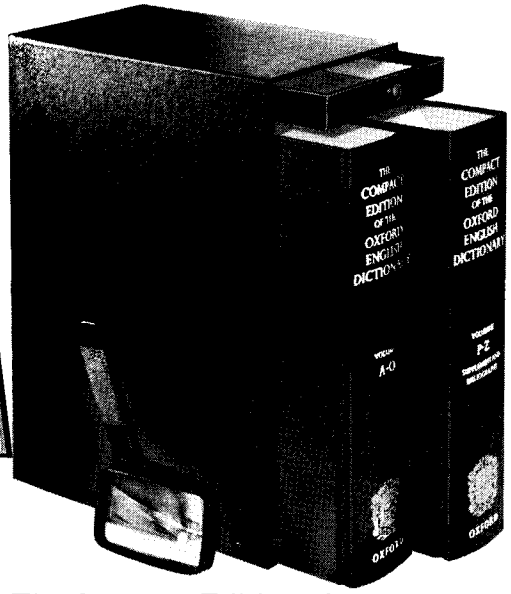

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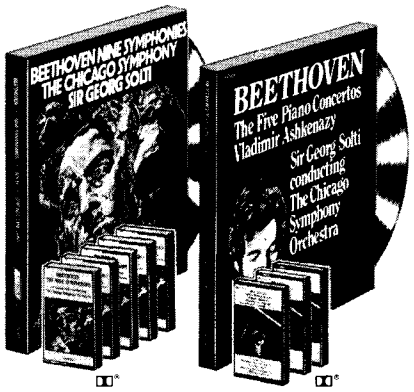

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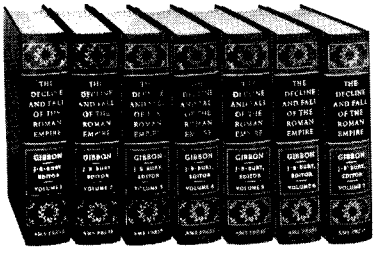

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE COST OF ENTITLEMENTS

Throughout James Fallows's article on entitlements (November *Atlantic*) he implies that Social Security, described as by far the largest of our spending programs, is in the same category as Medicare, Medicaid, and civil-service and military pension programs in its adverse effects upon our budgetary deficits.

The implications are false. Social Security operations have never added a penny to our nation's debt, nor subtracted a penny. If Medicare, for example, ceased tomorrow, the savings would be substantial and our debts would be vastly reduced. If Social Security ceased tomorrow, the effects on our debts would be zero. No Social Security income may be used for any purpose other than Social Security.

FRANK A. SIEVERMAN, JR.
Fayette, Ala.

I am staggered to read in James Fallows's article on entitlements a statement, attributed to two staff members of the National Bureau of Economic Research, that "the per capita income of people over sixty-five is now higher than for the population as a whole."

I should very much like to know the basis for this statement, which appears to contradict official government statistics. On page 444 of the latest (1981) edition of the Statistical Abstract of the United States I find the following statistics on "Money Income of Persons" for the year 1979, attributed to the U.S. Bureau of the Census:

Male:	*Median*	*Mean*
All ages	$11,845	$14,369
65–69 yrs.	7,723	10,382
70 and over	5,821	8,008
Female:		
All ages	4,354	6,032
65–69 yrs.	3,837	5,330
70 and over	3,724	5,031

LEON GOLDEN
Guilderland, N.Y.

As a federal employee approaching retirement, I am accustomed to reading distortions and inaccuracies about the civil-service retirement system. However, I am saddened to read such an article in *The Atlantic*, by an author I have heretofore respected.

The following facts were missing from your article:

1. The civil-service and the military retirement systems are not similar. The military retirement system, at today's pay levels, is far more generous than the civil-service system. And civil servants contribute 7 percent of their base salary to their retirement fund while the military contribute nothing to theirs.

2. The unfunded liability of the civil-service retirement fund is less than $200 billion. The lion's share of the one-trillion-dollar unfunded liability is for military retirement, which is paid completely from appropriated funds.

3. One reason for the unfunded liability of the civil-service retirement fund is the federal agencies' failure to contribute to the fund from current appropriations an amount matching employee contributions. The Retirement Act of 1920 provided that agencies were to do this, but no contributions were made from 1920 to 1958, and since 1958, agencies have rarely even come close to matching employees' contributions.

4. The other reason for the unfunded liability is the management of the retirement fund by the Department of the Treasury. The Retirement Act of 1920 required that the secretary of the treasury invest the fund in interest-bearing instruments backed by the United States—in effect, the loan of largely employee monies to the federal government. I understand that the interest paid on these monies is considerably less than that paid by the federal government for loans elsewhere. If this fund were handled as private-sector retirement funds are required to be, and the agencies had made their matching contributions, it is doubtful that there would be an unfunded liability.

5. The annual annuity received by the average civil-service annuitant is $12,000. No one argues that the double- and triple-dipping described by former congressman Keith is fair or proper, but it is not fair either to scrap the entire system to eliminate the abuse.

ERNEST E. TOTH
Wheaton, Md.

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James Fallows replies:

Mr. Sieverman is wrong in suggesting that Social Security runs by rules different from those for Medicare. Both have "trust funds," supplied by specially earmarked taxes and theoretically protected from other uses. If both programs ceased tomorrow, following his hypothesis, the total federal taxes paid by individuals and corporations would fall by more than one third. In theory, that would have no effect on the federal deficit. But in political and economic reality, these taxes are no different from any others when politicians calculate what burden the private economy can bear.

Mr. Toth correctly mentions several differences between the military and the civil-service pension systems. (He does not point out that members of the military, unlike other public employees, pay Social Security taxes.) The fact remains that both systems add to federal obligations, and that civil-service pensions are more generous than any counterpart in private business.

Mr. Golden's charts illustrate varying uses to which statistics can be put. The charts refer to income distribution among people with income, *which includes nearly all older people (because of pensions) but not all members of younger households—for example, nonworking parents. Using the same data, it is possible to reach the opposite conclusion, as in the study I quoted. The typical elderly household is much smaller than the average for the population as a whole (households of people over sixty-five average 1.5 members; for the entire population, the average is nearly 3) but its total income is two-thirds as great. Therefore, the income per person is higher. However one chooses to define "per capita income," one trend is clear. During the past generation, the economic gap between old and young people has lost significance, while that between rich and poor among the old has increased.*

No "Law of the Sea"

Jennifer Seymour Whitaker's "Outside the Mainstream" (October *Atlantic*) largely reiterates the State Department's position favoring the decade-long negotiation of the Law of the Sea Convention and urging that the Reagan Administration sign it. I'm skeptical.

Whitaker attributes the Administration's refusal to sign to a rigid free-enterprise ideology rather than to a careful calculation of net national interests. It appears that just the opposite happened.

Whitaker's question of whether seabed mining would occur without the treaty pales beside the question of whether mining would occur with it. The seabed articles have a monopolistic slant designed to harm ocean-mining countries (particularly the U.S.) and metals consumers everywhere, and to prop up minerals prices for Australia, Canada, France, Zaire, and other land-mining signatories. For Whitaker to admit that these provisions do "not perfectly serve U.S. interests" is on a par with conceding that the earth is not perfectly flat. Most of the world would be better off without these "protections."

Treaty "assurances" of free navigation through straits are nebulous, unnecessary, or redundant. Some countries may restrict transit of supertankers and other hazardous cargoes through narrow waters, but these mild environmental regulations are often desirable. None of the straits Whitaker mentions are threatened with closure or unreasonable tolls, because every nation obtains such large benefits from international commerce. For our negotiators to have purchased straits assurances that are no better than the rights we now possess at the price of conceding real resource rights on the seabed and elsewhere was an error, unless their goal was a treaty for its own sake.

The "elsewhere" is our own immense and enormously valuable 200-mile zone. Here the treaty would make us worse off by 1) causing over-fishing by forcing us to share coastal fisheries with other countries; 2) reducing energy supplies and raising their prices by taxing oil drilling in the deeper continental shelf; and 3) holding us to international limits on the prevention of oil pollution from ships that may be environmentally weaker than we want to adopt.

Reagan is the only President of the past four to recognize that the treaty would give us little and cost us plenty. By refusing to sign it he gets the credit for reversing a long-standing bipartisan mistake.

Ross D. Eckert
Claremont, Calif.

Jennifer Seymour Whitaker replies:

Professor Eckert's objections to the treaty (and to my argument) repeat one refrain: Why should we give up rights we have in exchange for a bunch of compromises limiting real U.S. interests? The trouble is, we do not *now clearly* "possess" *the rights many treaty opponents hearken back to. In fact, we undertook to negotiate the treaty in the first place—fifteen years ago—because international acceptance of the rights we claimed was becoming increasingly ambiguous.*

To take the primary example, during the years the treaty was being negotiated, the number of states supporting the traditional three-mile territorial sea declined to only twenty. Although the major international straits could be navigated as part of the high seas under the three-mile limit, this can no longer be assured when a proliferation of unilateral claims effectively enclose the straits within national territorial seas. And while the straits certainly do benefit from international commerce—which would be fostered under the treaty by provisions assuring signatories' rights to "innocent passage" through the straits—they may also see benefits in levying tolls upon non-signatories (such as the United States), whose transit rights are not so clearly defined. Again, on seabed mining, the U.S. entered into negotiations because without a treaty its mining corporations did not possess *the clear legal title that would facilitate the financing of large-scale operations.*

Finally, in our own 200-mile zone, the treaty provisions are primarily devoted to safeguarding coastal-state economic sovereignty. On fisheries, the treaty stipulates that coastal states determine the "optimum yield" in their own waters, and fishermen from other nations can share in this yield only as coastal states so permit. On continental-shelf oil, experts estimate that the royalties on oil from the deeper continental shelf (only that beyond 200 miles—whose extent or even existence remains a mystery) would amount to only about 2.4 percent annually. Because of its inaccessibility, more than the royalties, this oil would probably be developed somewhat later than that in more proximate areas of the continental shelf, but at the time it does come on stream, its price will be determined mainly by supply and demand. Last, on environmental standards, the treaty does allow coastal states to set their own standards for any ship entering their ports: because of our geography, few ships come into our 200-mile zone unless they are heading for one of our ports.

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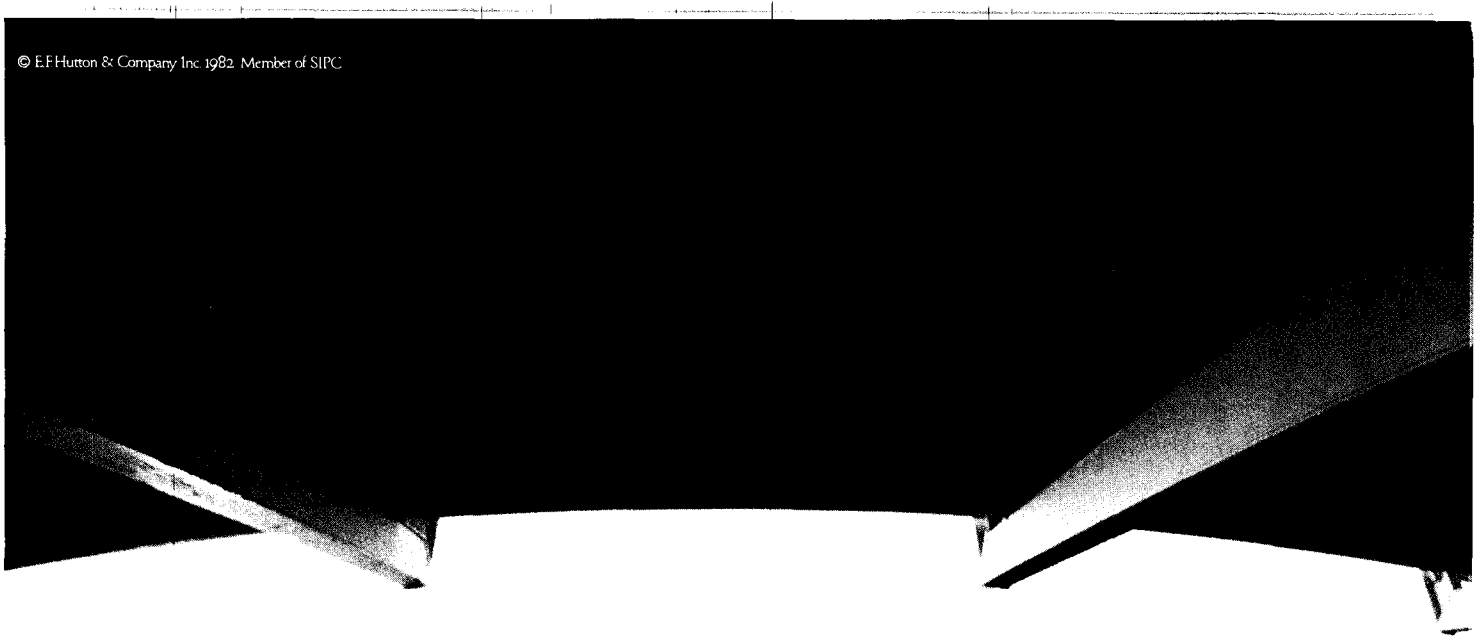

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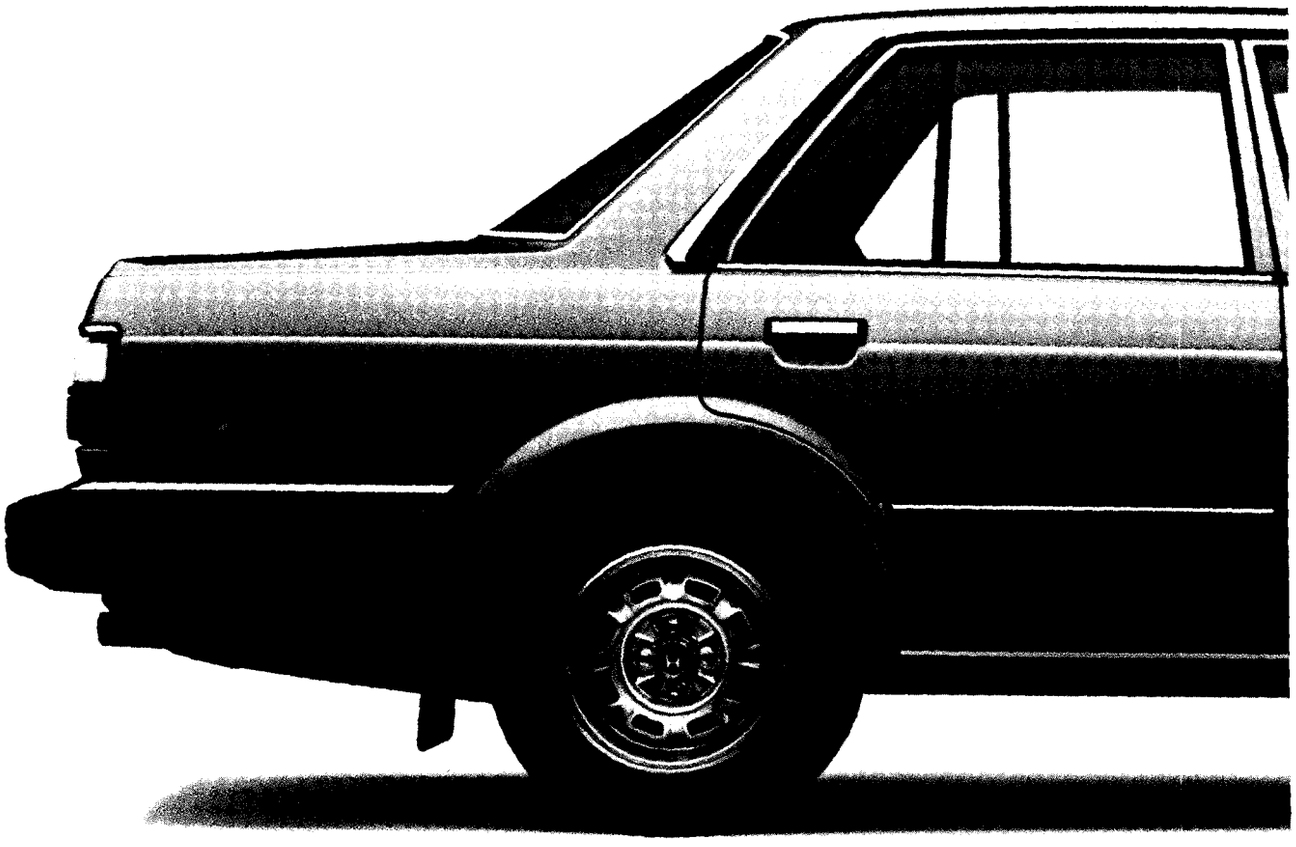

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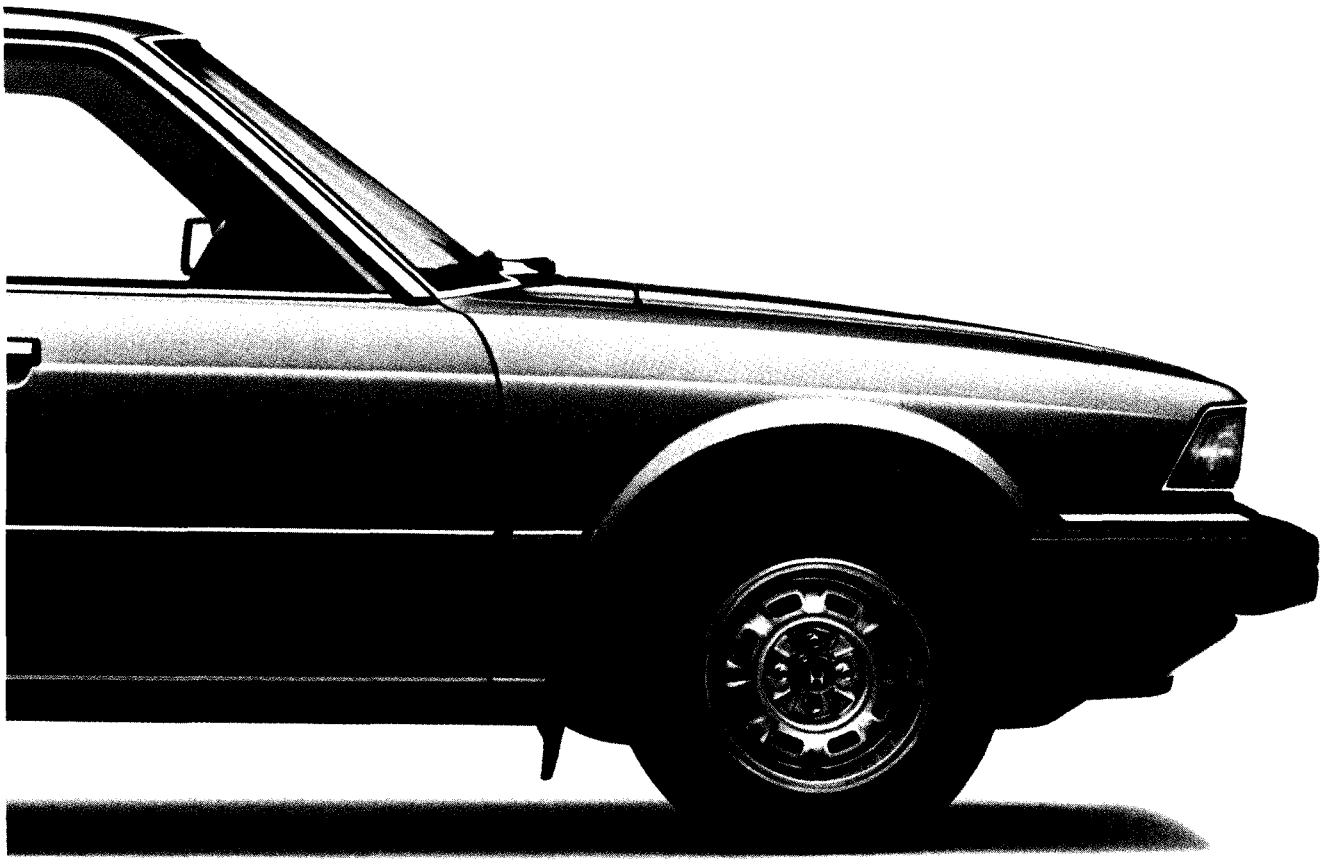

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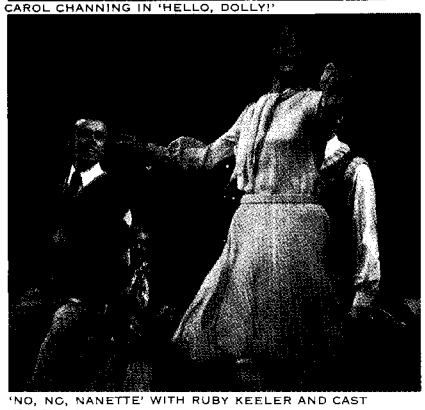

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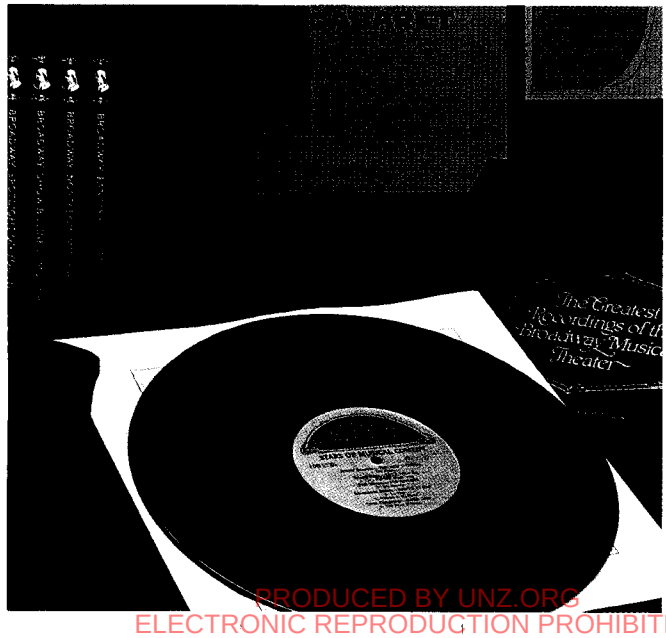

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DISARMAMENT

A First Farewell to Arms

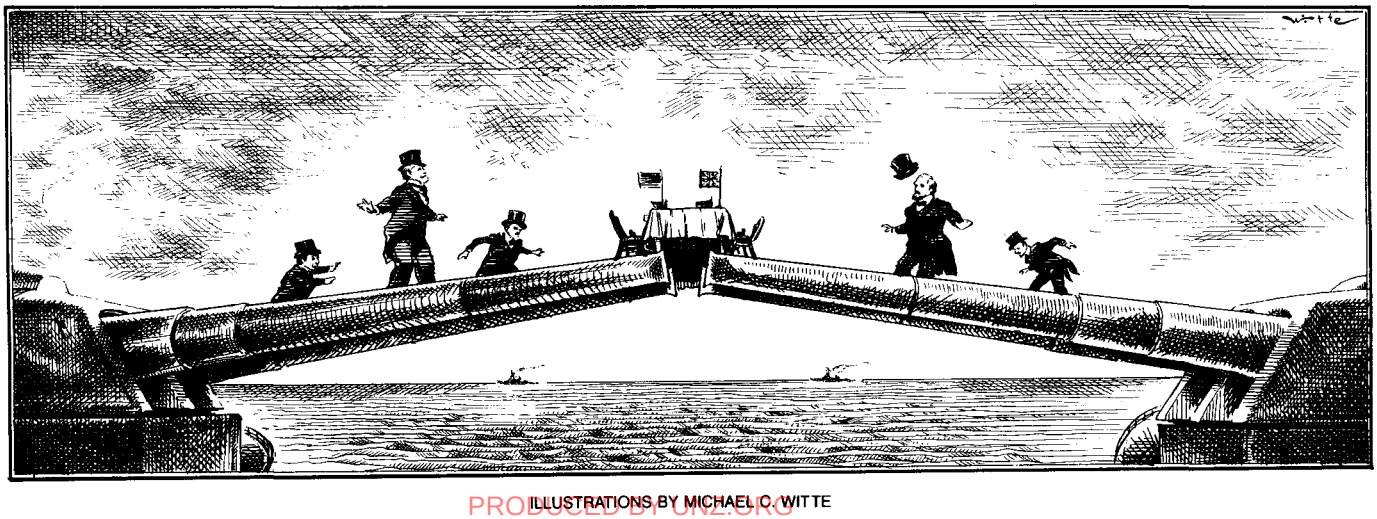
When battleships were the ultimate weapon

"There is only one adequate way out and that is to end it now." Those words were spoken by the U.S. secretary of state in Washington. He was talking of the armament race, and his statement was received with surprise, relief, and enthusiasm by the delegates of other nations and by our national press. The secretary was Charles Evans Hughes, the occasion was the opening of the first conference of world powers ever held in America, and the date was November 12, 1921.

It was a time when the world balance of power was supposed to be held by the nations' high-sea fleets, and within these by the battleship or capital ship. Here was the most destructive war machine yet built, and the number of a country's battleships pretty well indicated its position in international affairs. Thus everyone was building more of them—everyone who could afford it, that is. Those were inflationary days, and an up-to-date capital ship of some 30,000 tons, with its fourteen-inch armor plate and batteries of sixteen-inch guns, cost the taxpayer $30 million. (Of course, nowadays it costs as much as $300 million just to take a laid-up battleship out of its mothballs.)

Germany had been disarmed at Versailles; the Soviet Union was not in the running. The Washington conference in 1921 was an affair between the United States, the British Empire, Japan, France, and Italy. France quickly refused army restrictions without guarantees of the inviolability of its borders, and these the others would not give. A subcommittee just as quickly came to the conclusion that aircraft limitations were "impracticable." That left the naval armament race, the most crucial, the most expensive, and the easiest to check on. In those three senses, battleships, "innocent" as dealers of death as they may appear to us in 1983, occupied in the minds of strategists and politicians much the same place now taken by nuclear arms. It was to the fleets, then, that the gentlemen in Washington confined themselves. And here, inspired by Secretary Hughes's opening address—delivered the day after President Harding dedicated the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, in Arlington—they achieved success. Or so it was claimed.

They did not abolish battleships, let alone warships, but they limited their number. They agreed not to build any new capital ships with a displacement of more than 35,000 tons or with guns of more than sixteen-inch caliber, no cruisers with a displacement of more than 10,000 tons or with guns of more than eight inches, and no aircraft carriers displacing more than 27,000 tons. They set total tonnages for these three categor-



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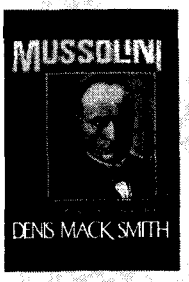

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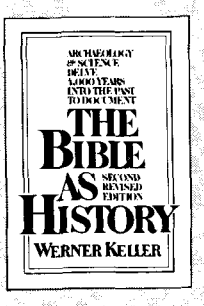

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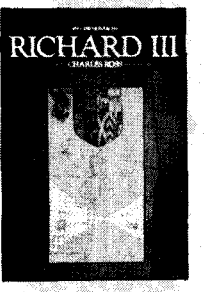

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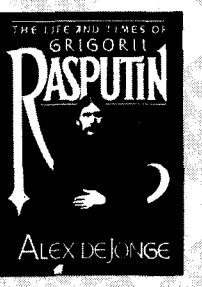

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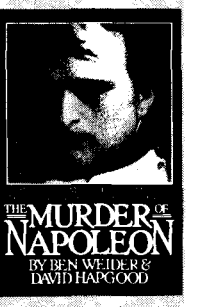

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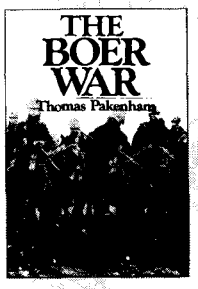

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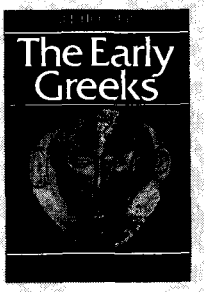

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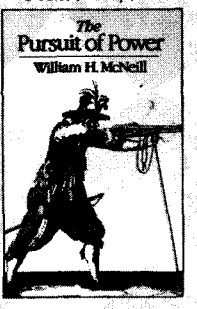

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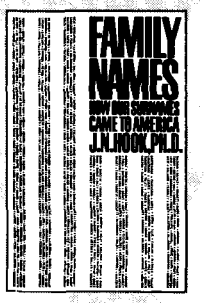

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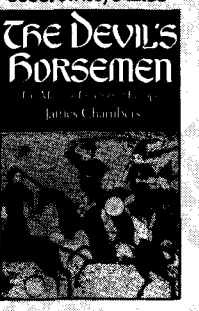

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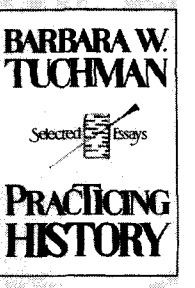

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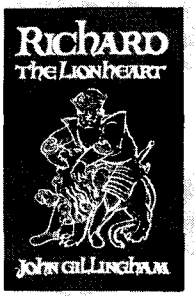

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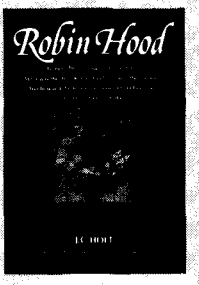

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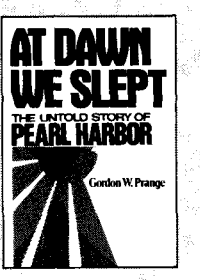

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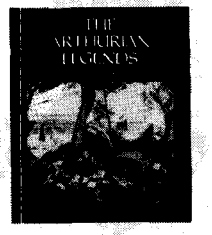

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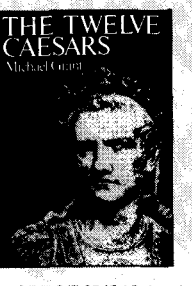

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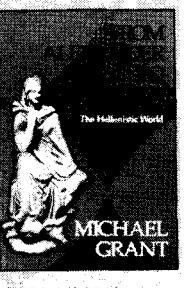

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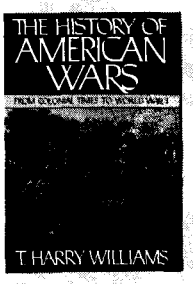

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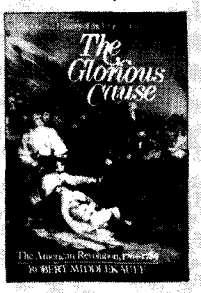

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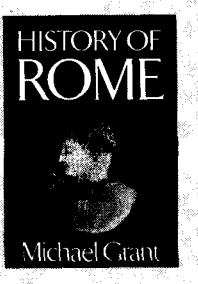

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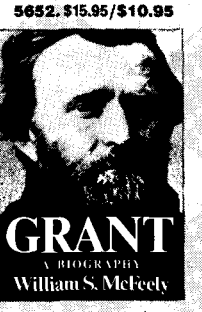

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ies, with parity between England and the U.S. (525,000 tons each), Japan at three fifths of that amount, and France and Italy at one third. They talked in Washington through the winter of 1921–1922 to reach this point. On February 6, 1922, they signed the "Five-Power Limitation of Naval Armament Treaty," which went into effect in August of 1923. They also agreed to meet every five years. In words of the time, a momentous agreement had been reached; never before had major nations voluntarily bowed out of the race to be first in military power. The treaty was "unique in human history."

BUT THAT WAS political or journalistic hyperbole. Then as now, the word "unique" came easily. True, the total number of battleships had been curtailed, but a closer look showed that the new ships to be built, such as the American *Colorado* and the British *Nelson*, were worth several of the older pre-war ships that were to be scrapped or scuttled. What had been reduced was the programs to expand the fleets. This "less of more" could hardly be called disarmament, but, then as now, it was presented as just that to "the people of a hungry world, bent under the burden of military spending," to quote Aristide Briand, the French foreign minister.

And, not too surprisingly, after the Washington conference, the maximum became the standard. If no battleship could be larger than 35,000 tons, no nation was going to build one smaller. Secretary Hughes's words had not been heard, after all, and nothing had been ended. Military experts and statesmen, then as now, said that disarmament had to come gradually. In a joint report written several years later by British Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald and U.S. Secretary of State Henry Stimson, it was put like this: "Agreed limitation stops competition. Thus disarmament will come stage by stage. . . . It is for future conferences to bring those armament figures lower and lower until they reach negligible proportions."

The Washington conference was followed by one in Geneva in July of 1927. It is pleasant at the lake there in summer, and the delegates must have made excursions on the pretty Swiss steamers and dined in the open-air restaurants along its shore in the quiet evenings of that almost carless period. But the conference broke up in early August without results. The disarmament numbers game, so familiar to us now, had come well into its own by then. A quote from a conference report typifies what went on that summer: "Early in July, the United States, with some misgiving, agreed to raise their cruiser figure to 400,000 tons of which 180,000 was to be applied to the larger cruisers and the remainder to the smaller. The American delegation did not quite know if they were justified in thus raising the figure 100,000 tons for the sake of meeting British proposals. . . . Japan interceded . . . and proposed, as an alternative, that the aggregate tonnage of cruisers and destroyers be limited for the United States and Great Britain to 450,000 and for herself to 310,000 tons. The United States rather eagerly accepted it . . . but Great Britain opposed it as being much too low. The latter . . . consented to America's proposal of 400,000 tons provided that 110,000 tons would be allowed for the 10,000 ton cruisers and the rest for the smaller six-inch gun cruisers. . . . America [refused] for it provided for a classification of ships by size and armament which she would never admit. Great Britain then proposed that 550,000 tons be fixed as total tonnage of combined destroyers and cruiser tonnage for herself and America. [America refused] and could not accept restrictions of the armament of cruisers nor would she state the number of large cruisers she desired."

In an analysis published in 1928 by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, John C. Shillock, Jr., wrote that the conference failed because of "the great number of technical naval officials who composed a large part of the body of representatives. These men thought in terms of war and not of peace. . . . Despite the declarations that peace and security lay just ahead, it became more and more evident as the session continued that each country was computing its armaments on the basis of an assumed possibility that they would go to war in the near future—that war might occur either between the United States and Great Britain or between Great Britain and a third State which would involve the rights of the United States as a neutral."

One year later, in 1929, and again in Geneva, an American delegate sent out by the new Hoover Administration had a brainstorm. America and Britain had not been able "to discover a strict mathematical equality in cruiser strength which would give each of them different numbers and different kinds of ships"; a new formula, called "the yardstick method," would enable them to equate ages of ships, unit characteristics, numbers, gun caliber, and all, and add it up to one grand total. Thanks to this yardstick arithmetic, the U.S. and the U.K. could now reach an agreement—or almost. "Within 30,000 tons." A new conference could be called, for January of 1930, in London.

The admirals and statesmen from America, England, Japan, France, Italy, and the Dominions spent three months in London, and when they left, in April, they had not quite reduced the high-sea fleets but they had again reduced the expansions. They had specifically agreed not to build any new battleships until 1936. But that, as *The Times* of London pointed out, "will give time to the naval powers for a thorough consideration of the question of the future of the capital ship," a future thrown in some doubt by the development of the air weapon. Clearly, the delegate had averted "the great danger," as Britain's Arthur Balfour had labeled it at the first Washington conference, "of looking at this question through the glass of idealism."

The next naval conference was held, as scheduled, five years later, again in London, from December of 1935 until late March of 1936. If it was to the credit of the conferees that they did not opt for the more agreeable climate of Locarno or some other international conference resort of the period, the bracing air of another London winter did not save them from the bog of armament arithmetic.

Even before the Christmas recess, Japan had asked for a general upper tonnage limit; when that was rejected, it withdrew from the conference. But its absence did not improve the mood of the meetings. The nations agreed again that the sizes of warships should be limited, "practically at the prevailing tonnages for each category," as the report put it. They agreed not to build submarines larger than 2,000 tons. The only substantive document to come of it was a call for "advance notification and exchange of information" regarding naval building. Until then, verification had not been seriously dealt with at any of the conferences.

After the London conference in 1936, the very idea of naval limitations quickly crumbled. Japan was off on its own, and in 1938, England, France, and the U.S.

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signed a protocol raising the maximum size for battleships to 45,000 tons. Hitler had signed a naval treaty with England in 1935, and declared in 1937 that he would adhere to the terms of the London Conference of 1936. He renounced both in 1939, two months after the launching of the German battleship *Bismarck*. The Soviet Union came forward to adhere to the London tonnages, but the Bolshies were not taken seriously in the West.

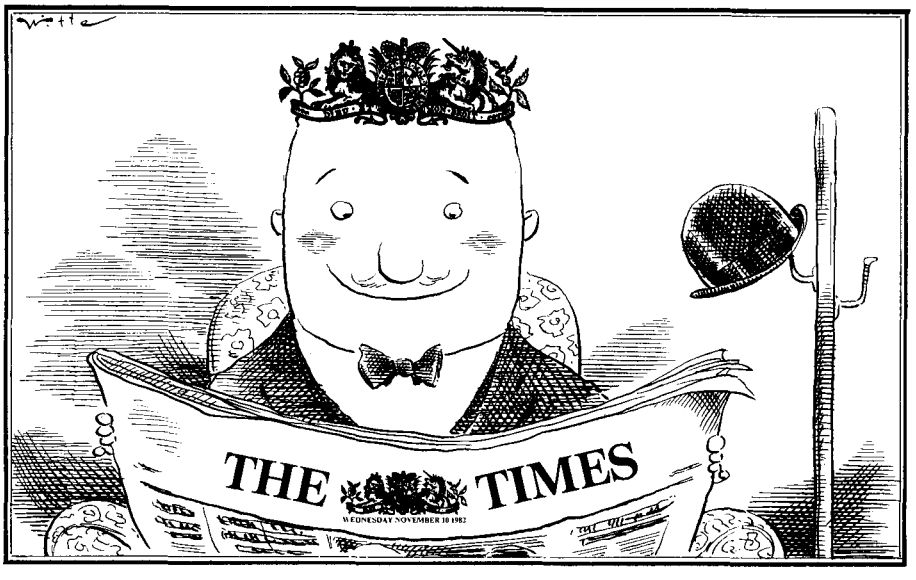
The naval disarmament conference of 1940 was not held. The world was once more at war. Many ships were scuttled in that year and the following years, though not voluntarily.

Assuredly, no measure of disarmament could have been possible with the Japan and the Germany of the thirties as partners. But it may be asked if in a world that had achieved real disarmament, the Japanese militarists and the German Nazis would have come to power.

Meanwhile, our arms-control experts still enjoy their numbers games, and they are reported as working earnestly on any number of nuclear "yardstick methods."

—*Hans Koning*

Hans Koning's new novel, DeWitt's War, *will be published this spring by Pantheon.*



LONDON

A National Bulletin Board

The Times Information Service provides invaluable daily trivia

THE TIMES, KNOWN elsewhere but on no account in Britain as "The London Times," is an unfailing source of wonder and entertainment. In the past five years or so, there has been constant speculation as to whether each successive issue would actually appear, so bedeviled by strikes were the newspaper and its four bedfellows—*The Sunday Times* and the literary, education, and higher-education supplements. From December 1, 1978, to November 12, 1979, the owners and managers of Times Newspapers Limited suspended production altogether; during that bleak period, an Oxford don was seen on the London train doggedly rereading what some feared had been the final number, while other addicts seized on the single issue brought out by a group of parodists under the title of *Not Yet The Times*, a publication that hazy readers took for the real thing. Since the reappearance of the newspapers, and especially after their purchase by Rupert Murdoch, in February of 1981, production and delivery have been less erratic, although exasperated subscribers still refer to the Sunday paper as *The Sunday Sometimes*, and people believed to be in the know prophesy the imminent demise or, at least, suspension of the enterprise.

Indeed, another perennially interesting question has been how long any owner and manager of Times Newspapers may be expected to endure the self-indulgent practices of Fleet Street—overmanning; obscure conventions ("old Spanish customs," as they are archly called) requiring that even absentee or fictitious staff be paid; resistance to the sensible use of new technology; free and easy ways with expense accounts—and at what point a proprietor will discover that the prestige attached to owning this organ of the Establishment does not compensate for the drain of its ever-increasing financial losses. Amazingly, however, as one group of sponsors becomes disenchanted, eager candidates for the succession spontaneously appear, vying amongst themselves to snatch the poisoned chalice, each confidently asserting that he, and he alone, possesses the authority and the means with which to restore *The Times* to its former glory.

Whether or not any aspiring bidder will in fact be allowed to purchase *The Times* and its associated properties is a constant question of riveting interest. This newspaper is revered as part of the national heritage—symbolic, endearing, and odd, like the Queen's Christmas broadcast, the House of Lords, or British Railways—and particularly stringent pledges and guarantees are required before the titles can be secured. Required by no less than Her Majesty's Government: under Section 8 of the 1965 Monopolies and Mergers Act, mergers and take-overs by any newspaper with a circulation of half a million (including the circulation of the prospective acquisition) must be referred for consideration to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, which then reports to the secretary of state for trade. Only when a newspaper is thought not to be a going concern may this procedure be omitted; in such a case, too, the secretary for trade may authorize a merger or transfer on his or her own initiative, on the grounds that unless a decision is taken quickly, the newspaper in question, already moribund, will utterly expire. The view that *The Times* has a special place in the life and affections of the nation was illustrated by the solemn language with which the minister approved its purchase in the autumn of 1966 by the Canadian magnate Lord Thomson of Fleet (as Sir Roy Thomson had become in 1964) and in February of 1981 by the Australian entrepreneur Rupert Murdoch.

If, as it is persistently rumored, Murdoch should decide to cut his losses, we will go through these sagas once more, puzzling over such issues as whether

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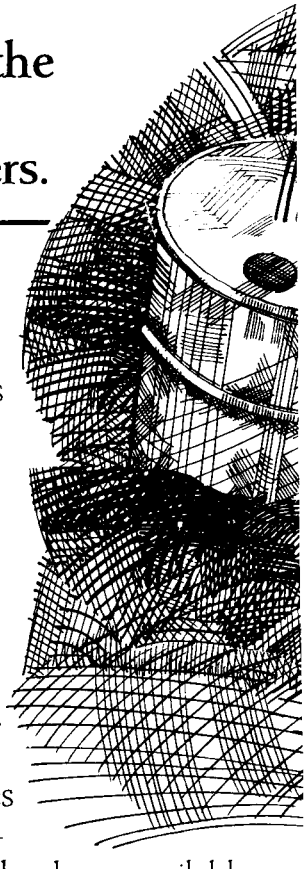
We're doing what has to be done.

Danger–Handle With Care!

Love Canal dramatized the dangers of hazardous wastes. Business, government, and the insurance industry are showing that today's dumps need not be tomorrow's disasters.



In a modern, heavily-industrialized society, waste materials are abundant and, in some cases, dangerous. Toxic leftovers from many industrial processes can pollute the environment, contaminate the water, and threaten the public safety. And, let's face it, serious accidents have occurred.

Today, the combined efforts of legislators, regulators, responsible waste-generating companies, the insurance business, and a concerned public are being felt.

New laws and standards go a long way toward making sure that firms that produce, move, store, or dispose of dangerous substances do so with care. Government tests and inspections are meant to assure compliance and minimize risk. Concerned industries have developed new technology and methods for safe waste disposal. But with materials this potentially dangerous, the best of care may not prevent every accident.

Although any accident with hazardous substances is bad news, some accidents are worse than others. And more insidious. Sudden spills and fires are quickly found and remedies quickly applied. Liability insurance for those accidents has been available for some time. But the material we're talking

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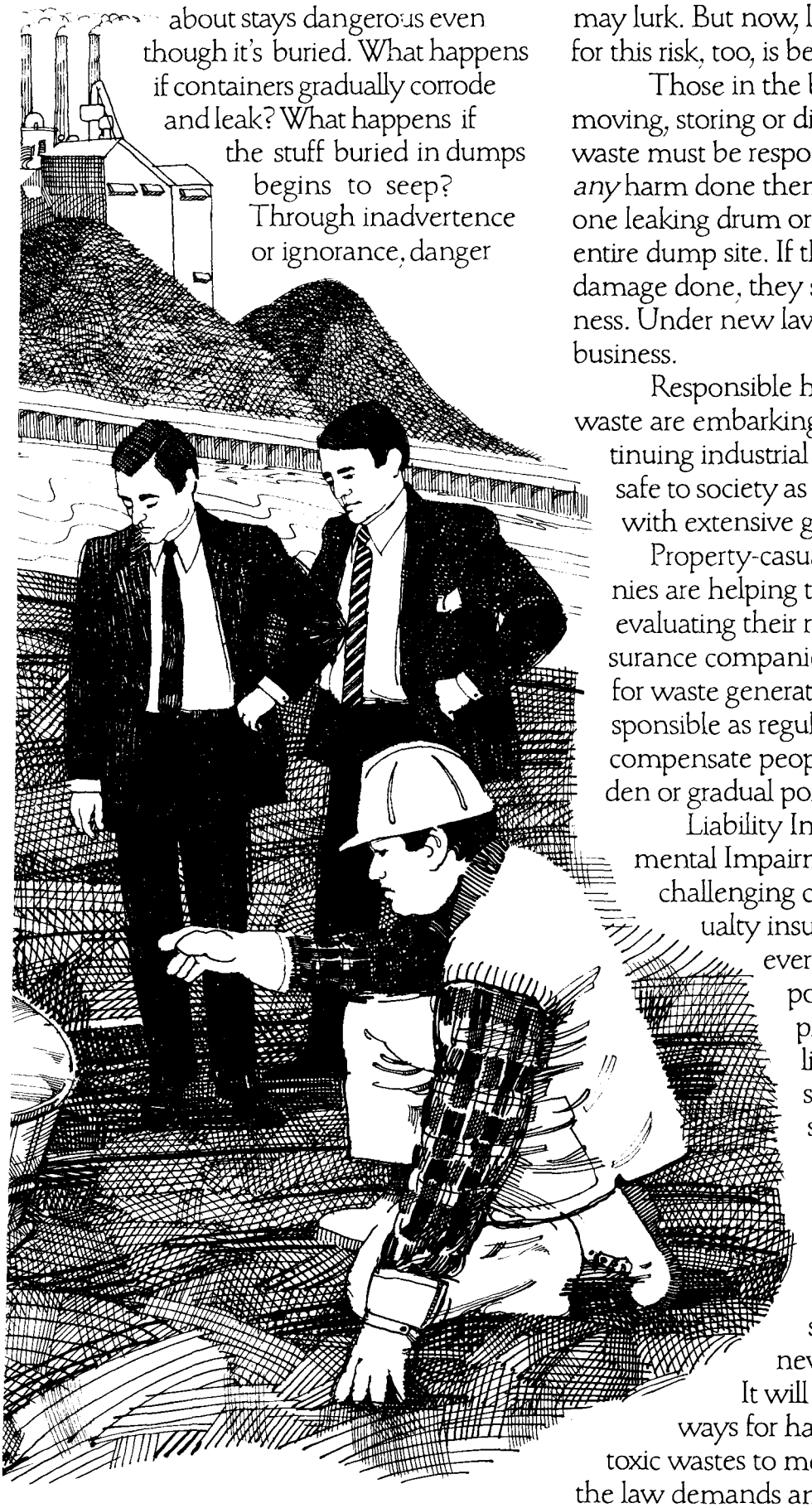

about stays dangerous even though it's buried. What happens if containers gradually corrode and leak? What happens if the stuff buried in dumps begins to seep? Through inadvertence or ignorance, danger may lurk. But now, liability insurance for this risk, too, is becoming available.

Those in the business of producing, moving, storing or disposing of dangerous waste must be responsible to the public for *any* harm done them—sudden or gradual—one leaking drum or the slow leaking of an entire dump site. If they can't pay for the damage done, they shouldn't be in the business. Under new law, they *can't* be in the business.

Responsible handlers of hazardous waste are embarking on a difficult path—continuing industrial activity in a manner as safe to society as possible and in compliance with extensive governmental regulation.

Property-casualty insurance companies are helping those waste generators by evaluating their risk potential. And now, insurance companies have devised a way for waste generators to be financially responsible as regulations require, able to compensate people harmed by either sudden or gradual pollution.

Liability Insurance for Environmental Impairment is one of the most challenging coverages property-casualty insurance companies have ever been asked to provide. The potential for loss to both people and property is large and little known. But if proper safety standards are issued and enforced by either federal or state government, and if insurance companies are allowed to administer the coverage with some sense of certainty, this new insurance can do a job. It will be one of the best ways for handlers and disposers of toxic wastes to meet the responsibility that the law demands and the public deserves.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, NY 10038

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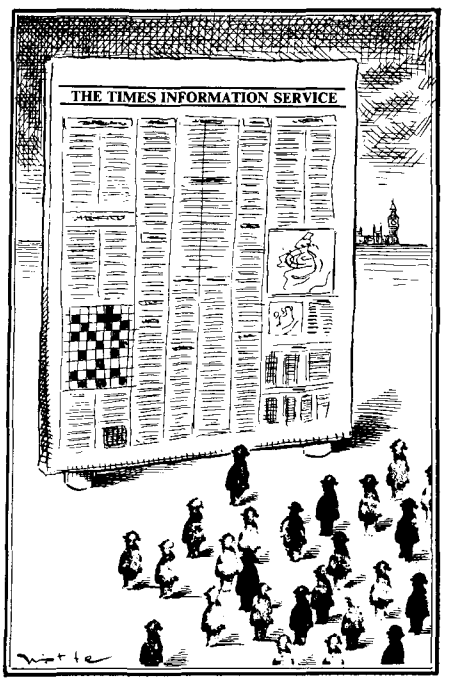
suspension is tantamount to closure; whether the titles are for sale; whether the finances of Times Newspapers Limited, or bits of it (and if so, which), are shaky enough for a Monopolies Commission reference to be waived; who will be permitted to acquire the titles, and on what terms. The fate of *The Times* is itself a gripping newspaper story.

THIS IS NOT to say that the readers of *The Times* take no interest in the form and content of the paper. Those, too, keep them on tenterhooks. For years and years, the paper trundles on, looking pretty much the same each day. Letters to the editor don't change much: among the forthright protests and the stately reminiscences there is, usually on Saturdays and in the bottom right-hand corner, the occasional whimsical letter about the habits of owls or the reasons why ice cubes do or do not separate when frozen in plastic bags. Every year, some faithful amateur statistician sends in lists of the most popular names given to children whose births *The Times* has announced; tables of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, based on the classes of degree their students have obtained in final examinations; the scores achieved by various members of the Royal Family, each striving to fulfill the greatest number of public engagements; and meteorological tallies, comparing the weather experienced in the previous year with that occurring every ten years back to the 1880s. The Court and Social column looks much as it has always done, announcing the bizarre activities of the Royal Household, the most recent appointments to public bodies of members of that superstratum popularly known as "the Great and the Good," the quaintly named feast days to be celebrated at various public schools, the fact that certain well-known people do not intend to send Christmas cards, and the *fiançailles*, marriages, and discreetly expressed second thoughts of those who choose to buy space in the appropriate column. (These are listed in order of social precedence.) There is, admittedly, some fluctuation in the length and quality of the obituary notices, but the editor cannot be expected to ensure that interesting people die every day.

Then, overnight, there is shattering change. It may be typographical, as in 1932, when Stanley Morison's Times Roman typeface was introduced, and in 1972, when Times Europa took its place. It may come almost unnoticed: when the royal coat of arms vanished from the masthead on May 3, 1966, the editor received only one letter on the subject, and that was from the garter king of arms, who said that in any case *The Times* was merely following an "eighteenth-century solecism." Such innovation was all the more momentous because of the obsessive interest of *Times* readers in the nature and appearance of the newspaper's front and back pages. They suspect every new editor or owner of dark designs to mess about with these parts of the paper. Throughout the land there were cries of "What did I tell you?" on that fateful day—May 3, 1966—when



the personal column was transferred to page 2 and *news appeared on the front page*. And, again, "I told you so," on February 13, 1967, the day the personal column shifted again, this time to the back page. (Many advertisements, though, remained unaltered. Innumerable children learned to read by poring over tragic offers of sables and Rolls Royces for immediate sale at bargain prices, mysterious communications ostensibly between lovers but thought to be burglars' or traitors' code, and a memorable long-standing advertisement, appearing some three times a week, for a service bafflingly called "Colonic Irrigation," of which no adult would say more than that it did not mean the bringing of water to the drier parts of the Empire.)

NOT SURPRISINGLY, therefore, readers felt a frisson of excitement when, in early 1981, Harold Evans, former editor of *The Sunday Times*, was appointed editor of *The Times*. Half in dread, half in happy expectation, they waited to see what he would do to the front and back pages. As it turned out, the front page was altered only slowly and almost imperceptibly. The coat of arms crept back on the day after the Prince of Wales's wedding, in July of 1981, although Evans decided, in January of 1982, that he preferred an older version. Stylistic change was more obvious: readers accustomed to decent reticence were astounded at the sight of bold, blunt headlines to mark election victories, assassinations and near-assassinations, invasions, and the like, and of large photographs on the front page, though these often depicted peaceful snowbound villages, tranquil, iced-up trains, or misty landscapes.

The transformation of the back page, however, was sudden and sensational. It happened on June 2, 1981, survived the deposition of Evans, in March of 1982, and has flourished under the auspices of his successor, Charles Douglas-Home. The personal column was moved inside the paper, not even to the penultimate page (which was given over to a guide to radio, television, museums, theaters, and galleries) but to the page facing that. And on the back page itself appeared the Times Information Service, something reassuringly obvious but delightfully novel. Here, in a new framework, are all the old favorites, that is to say, the *Times* crossword, the weather, high tide and the rising and setting of the sun and moon, and details of lighting-up times (i.e. car headlights to be used on, say, September 15, 1981, between 7:46 P.M. and 6:07 A.M. in London, 8:01 P.M. and 6:16 A.M. in Edinburgh, and 8:06 P.M. and 6:29 A.M. in Penzance). Coverage of the weather has even improved: as well as the usual stuff about troughs and weak ridges of high pressure, there are satellite predictions (for example, Salyut 6 visible 6:07–6:10, S, 15 SSE, ESE, December 15, 1981), temperatures abroad (including Akrotiri and Reykjavik), yesterday at the resorts (Margate: sunny periods; Folkestone: sunny intervals; Southsea: drizzle) and, for the competitive, best and worst (highest rainfall: Mumbles, 1.10 in.).

But that isn't the half of it. Dozens of new lists were devised: auctions today,

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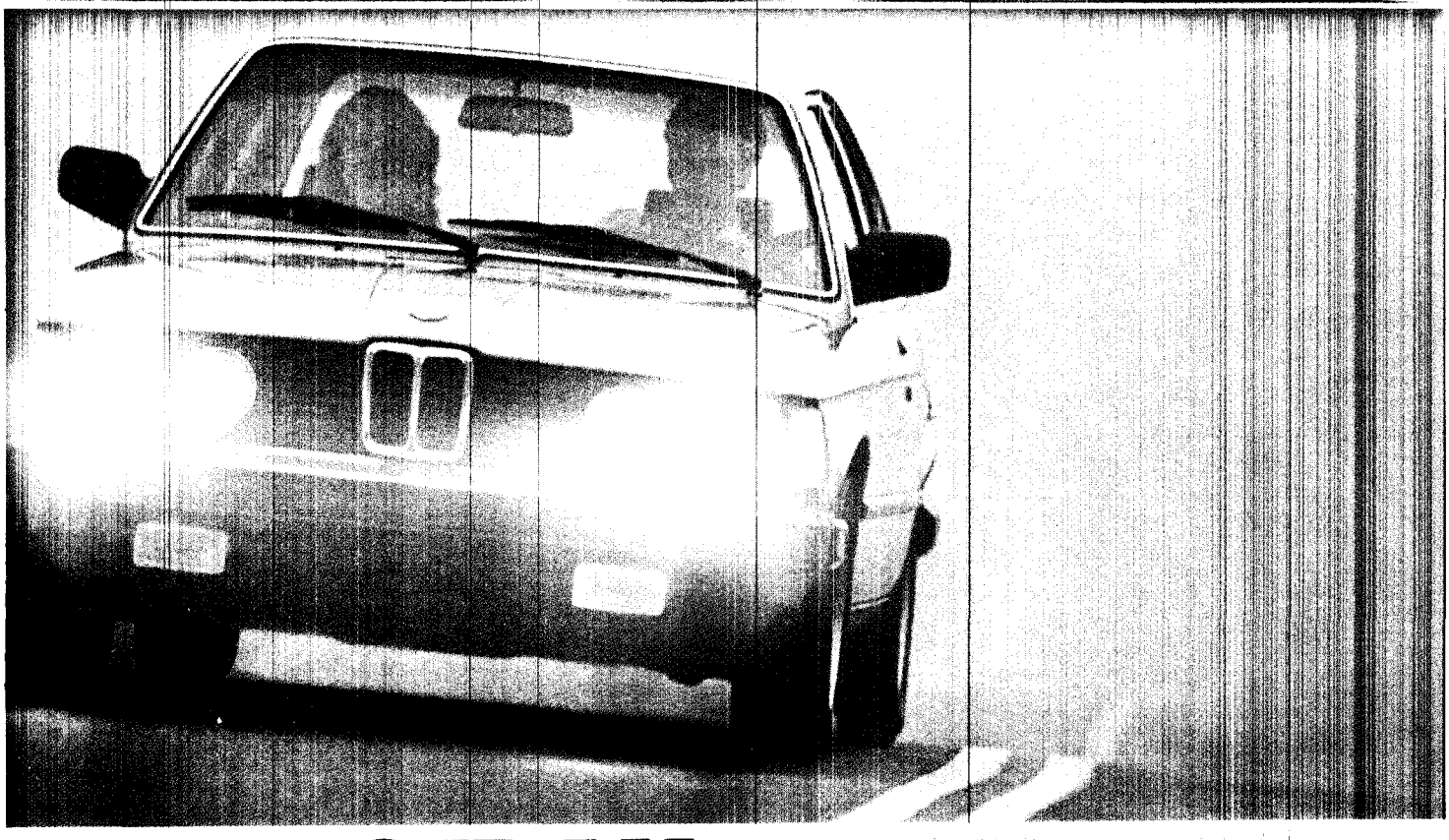

THE SEDAN THAT DEFINED PERFORMANCE FOR A GENERATION OF CARS UNFAMILIAR WITH THE TERM.

[illegible]
"when BMW [illegible]
there were many other [illegible] that [illegible]
grasp the importance of this edict."

What went ungrasped was the nature of performance itself. Which is not just road-holding prowess, or agility through corners, or acceleration, but all of these in tandem.

And that is also an excellent definition of the BMW 320i.

PERFORMANCE: THE UNABRIDGED VERSION.

Like all BMW's, the 320i isn't so much the sum of its parts as a perfect balance of them.

Its fuel-injected 4-cylinder engine is the basis for BMW racing engines.

Its gearbox is, as one critic observed, "the perfect complement to the (320i's) willing engine."

Which is complemented by a suspension that removes the treachery from even serpentine stretches of roadway.

The result, according to Car and Driver: "maybe the best-balanced small sedan around."

VALUE, ACCORDING TO THE 320i.

What is a car really worth? Whatever the market will pay. By that standard, the 320i is valuable indeed. According to the NADA Used-Car Guide, 320i's have traditionally enjoyed one of the highest resale values of any car in their price class.

It's also one of the best protected, with a 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 6-year limited warranty against rust perforation.*

All things considered, it's understandable why other car makers "are already boasting that their next generation of sporty coupes will feel and drive like their target car, the 320i" (Motor Trend).

If you're unwilling to wait that long for someone else's interpretation of a 320i, we invite you to test drive the original at your nearest BMW dealer.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

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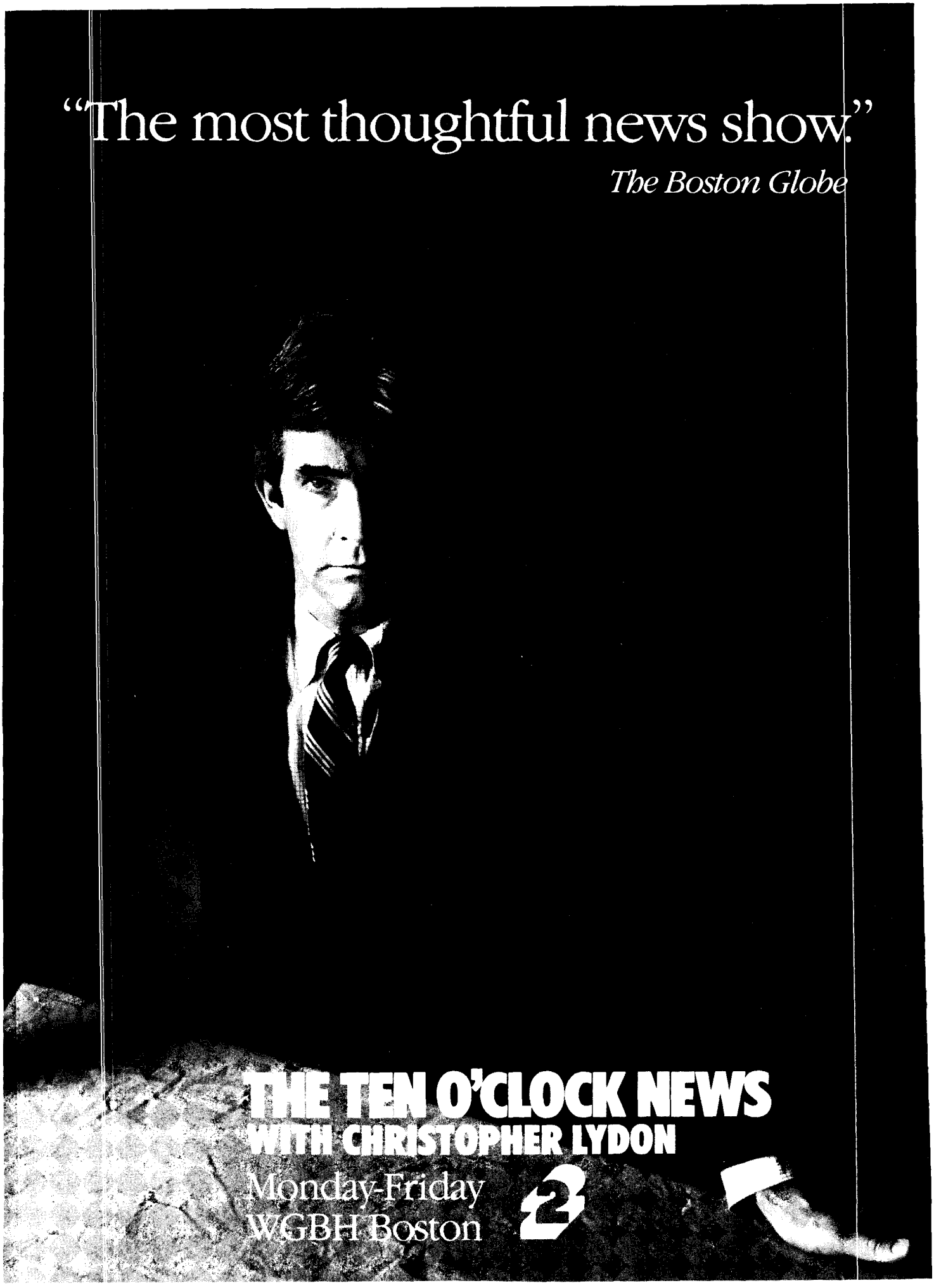

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lunchtime music, poetry readings, and walks (In the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, meet Embankment Underground, 11 A.M.). We have the time world wide (noon in London is 3 P.M. in the United Arab Emirates), the state of the pound (Yugoslavian dinars at 94.00 buying price, Portuguese escudos 131.00), extracts from other newspapers (*Frankfurter Allgemeine* comments on anti-American rhetoric), and anniversaries (first aerial voyage over Paris, November 21, 1783). There are tables galore: best wines, tested in a comparative blind tasting (Verdicchio dei Castelli di Jesi Classico Titulus beats the others hollow), classical record favorites (Beethoven violin concerto knocks *Royal Wedding*—eh?—into second place), best-selling books (*Prophecies of Nostradamus*, and the revelation that women represent 53 percent of browsers), top-selling cars (mostly domestic Fords), and a house-price index ("average regional prices of second-hand houses, not seasonally adjusted: Wales, –3.6 percent change over preceding 3 months").

Here is information on traveling conditions (M4: two lanes closed eastbound between junctions 15 and 16; retiming of late-night trains on the Southern Region; all Sealink ferry services suspended owing to accident at French terminal; Heathrow parking extended by additional 800 spaces). The authorities have come forward with contributions: British Telecom proclaims its new "telemessage" service (a sort of telegram delivered as speedily as a first-class letter should be); the Home Office supplies the wavelengths for operating citizens'-band radio ("new legal service sets must bear on the front panel a circle containing the legend CB 27/81 or CB 934/81"); the Metropolitan Police and Department of Transport announce a car-tax check at points in Greater London; the Central Office of Information reminds readers that red-and-white banded sticks are carried by persons *both* blind and deaf; Westminster City Council regrets that some £100,000 must be saved by the closure of some public lavatories on Sundays; the Department of the Environment indicates that the ban on the shooting of wildfowl in severe winter conditions has expired; and, on the same day as that last announcement, the Ministry of Agriculture asks the public to report any discovery of carcasses of badgers, to assist officials in their study of bovine tuberculosis. British civil servants have always been fond of enhancing the lives of the populace by issuing amusing and self-consciously idiotic circulars; now they can issue similar ones, if abridged, in the Information Service, instructing readers about tenants' rights and the 1980 Housing Act; the importance of registering to vote in local government; the procedure for complaining about the National Health Service; and, on Guy Fawkes Day, the safe way to handle fireworks. The Times Information Service has rapidly become a sort of national bulletin board, providing officials with a superb and unexpected outlet.

Christmas produces a particularly splendid crop of instructions and information: how to cook the turkey and care for the tree; frequency of railway services (none) and postal collections and deliveries (none); and the procedure for returning faulty appliances—the Department of Trade warns against defective Christmas-tree lights imported from Hong Kong—and for filling in guarantees enclosed with presents. The blizzards in early January of 1982 stirred the Information Service to even greater efforts: there was advice on the treatment of hypothermia; a summary of the Energy Department's arrangements for help with heating costs; graphic accounts of road, rail, and weather conditions, no less horrendous for being succinct; reminders to feed the birds and descriptions of their tracks in the snow; and, almost daily, Nature Notes and tips for those venturing out In The Garden.

The last two items have been the Information Service's special success. Sometimes unsigned, they have occasionally appeared over the initials of Derwent May, literary editor of the *Listener*, and Roy Hay, the *Times* gardening correspondent. The columns, which run to a couple of inches each, are written in a curious style that is simultaneously enthusiastic and patronizing; one suspects that they constitute the authors' little joke. (Or was it mere coincidence that during the riots in Brixton, in the summer of 1981, the Nature Notes spoke of birds that "gather in mobs, the brown young" asserting themselves over the adult birds and fighting to master local territory?) The author of Nature Notes is rather fond of drawing readers' attention to the spooky or unpleasant ("Female bluebottles try to take up residence in houses . . ."; "One hears the ghostly call of barnacle geese . . ."; "Ivy flowers lure hoverflies . . ."; "Wasps sting humans in greater numbers . . ."); most of his pieces are consciously lyrical (the "sharp barking cry [of the Brent geese] comes loud and clear over the water . . . [Dippers] emit their rippling song . . ."). The gardening guide is more practical and didactic ("Pets and children should be kept off the lawn for at least two weeks . . ."; "Buy seed potatoes as early as possible . . .") or, now and again, magnificently imperious ("1981 is undoubtedly the year of the slug and the snail").

It is a gardening note that sums up the tone of voice of the Times Information Service: describing what to do with gladioli corms, the column states: "Bring them into a warm greenhouse by the end of November or, unless your wife objects, clean off the stems, set the corms in a tray and store them on top of the wardrobe in the spare bedroom." That (and the item appearing a few days later under Weekend Food, beginning "It is never worth economizing too much with fresh pineapple . . .") gives you a picture of *The Times* and the *Times* reader: ruefully trying to keep up standards, resourceful, self-deprecatory, fond of pottering through almanacs and works of reference, chatty, quietly but proudly aware of taking part in a national rite, an intimate collective experience. We are all vastly amused by the Information Service. It is not only extremely useful; it is also a very good game, and one in which the newspaper's staff take particular delight, as they invent new items—lists of all-night garages and twenty-four-hour pharmacies; addresses of public houses serving decent lunches and of cakeshops laying on cream teas in the garden; notes on restaurants staying open until 2 A.M. and serving food outside in hot weather; first nights and last chances to see; directions for making perfect mayonnaise or boiling eggs; guides to sporting fixtures and the sales . . . everything, indeed, but horoscopes. In only one respect is the Service parsimonious: it gives its own address only very rarely indeed, for otherwise those who compile it would be inundated with contributions from readers who are as knowledgeable and eccentric as themselves.

—*Janet Morgan*

Janet Morgan lives in England and is at work on the authorized biography of Agatha Christie.

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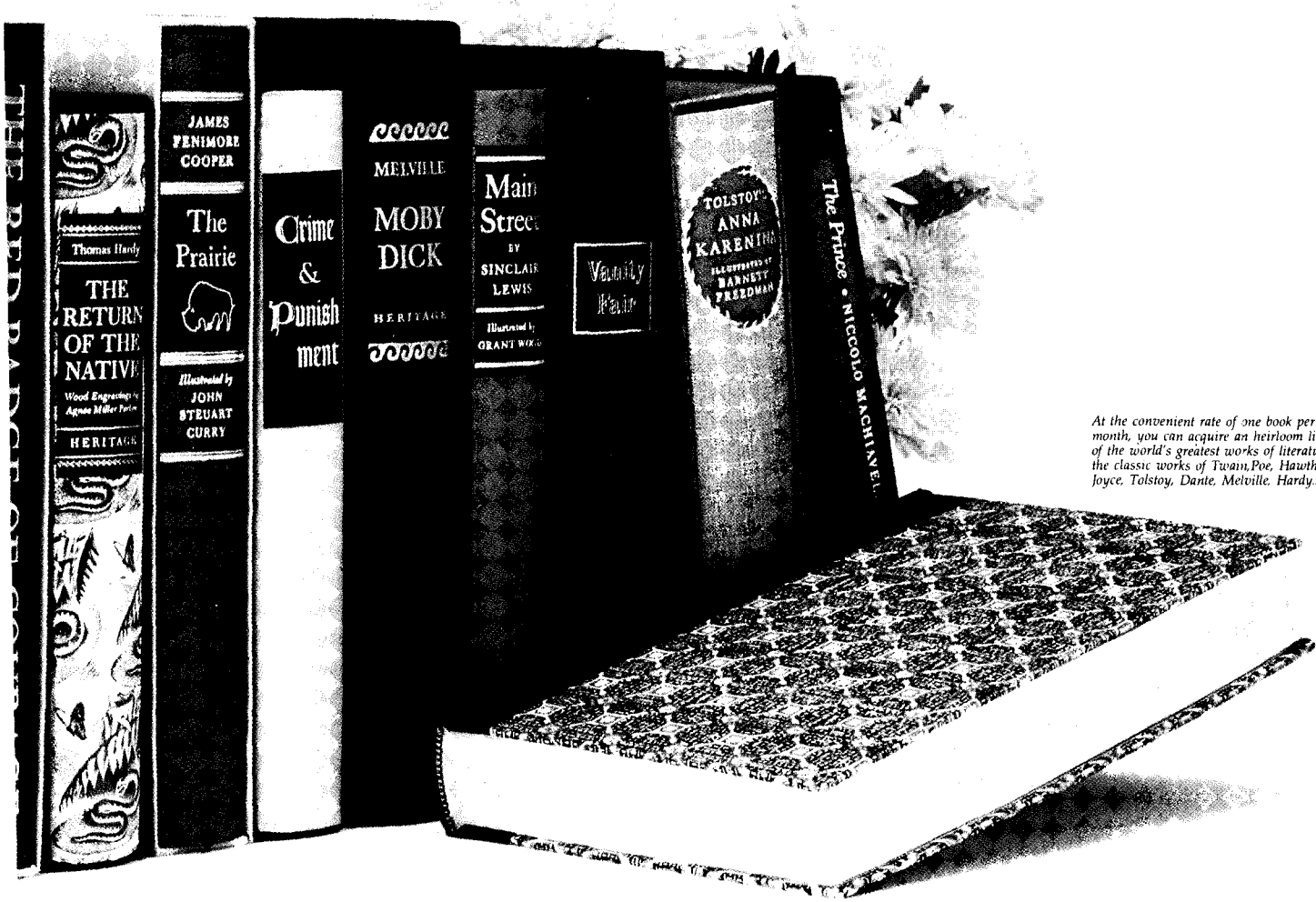

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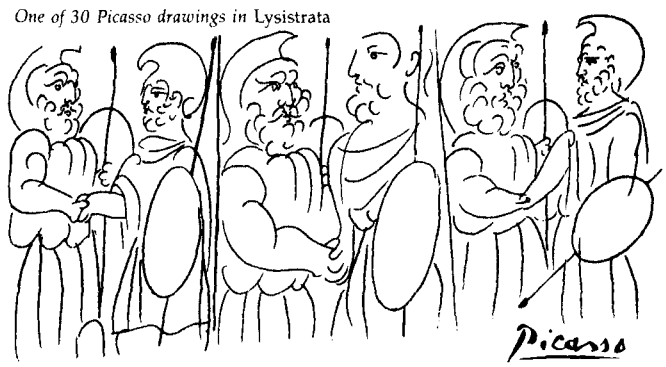

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man Rockwell's Tom Sawyer

Greek comedy, *Lysistrata*, to see the beautiful young women and courageous warriors of ancient Athens through the eyes of Pablo Picasso. The original works he created expressly for this book now hang in the Museum of Modern Art.

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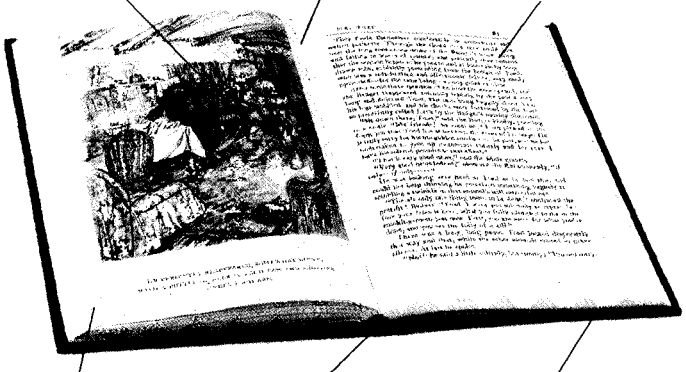

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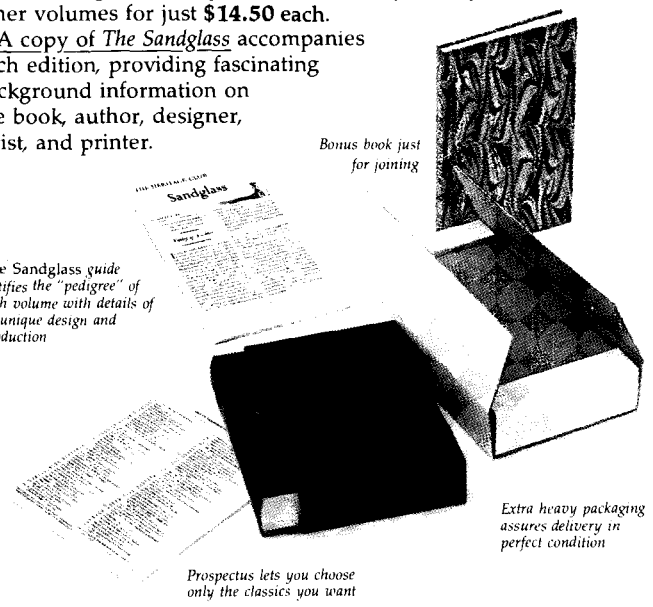
A copy of *The Sandglass* accompanies each edition, providing fascinating background information on the book, author, designer, artist, and printer.



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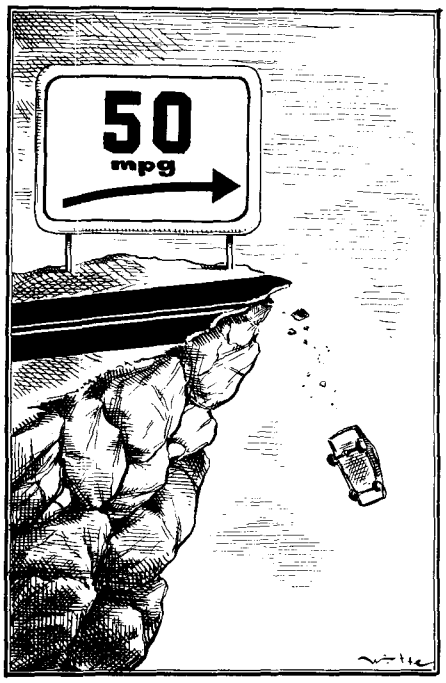

TRANSPORTATION

THE DEMAND FOR HIGH GAS MILEAGE

The national interest calls for highly fuel-efficient cars, but economic logic runs against them

THE UNITED STATES has a fleet of about 130 million registered private vehicles, or one for nearly every adult. In 1980, this fleet used approximately 5.5 million barrels of gasoline a day—accounting for about half of the amount of oil that the U.S. imported daily. This correspondence is not lost on those who worry over our nation's dependence on foreign energy resources. The corporate-average-fuel-economy (CAFE) standards that the federal government imposed on domestic auto makers beginning in 1978 have compelled a rise in the fuel economy of new cars in each year since, toward a maximum of 27.5 miles per gallon (mpg) by 1985. Although the total consumption of oil in the U.S. has fallen by 3.5 million barrels a day since 1978, according to the Department of Energy, domestic production of oil has also declined, from 8.7 million barrels produced a day in 1978 to 8.6 million in 1980 and a projected 8 million in 1985. Thus, although the amount of oil that the country imports is falling, the demand for imported oil has remained about constant at approximately 26 percent of the total, even with the CAFE standards in effect. Clearly, greater fuel economies are called for; Brock Adams, the secretary of transportation in the Carter Administration, had just such improvements in mind when, in late 1978, he exhorted Detroit to "reinvent the automobile."

In fact, cars capable of fuel economies of up to 100 mpg are within the reach of present technologies. This was the conclusion of an engineering feasibility study performed more than a year ago by the Battelle Memorial Institute, the world's largest private contract-research facility, based in Columbus, Ohio. Making full use of such state-of-the-art automotive notions as continuously variable transmissions, which provide an infinite range of gear ratios, flywheels that store and redeliver energy now lost while braking, and ultra-lightweight structural materials, the Battelle researchers drew up plans for the Pertran (short for "personal transportation"), a 100-mpg vehicle that demands neither magic carburetors nor radical compromises in passenger comfort. However, they have so far been unable to persuade any of the three largest domestic auto makers to build one. Nor are these three companies more inclined to try when the plans are of their own devising. Just a few months ago, General Motors unveiled its own highly fuel-efficient prototype, the TPC (for "two-passenger commuter"), capable of an estimated 95 mpg on highways—but this car, too, is unlikely ever to be produced.

Raymond Windecker, who analyzes market trends for the Ford Motor Company, says, "There are recurring reports that people in the automotive industry know how to make an incredibly high-mileage car and choose not to. That's only partially true. We *do* know how to make such a car. We just don't know how to make a car the consumer will buy, at these high mpgs." Thomas Ankeny, the GM staff engineer who oversaw the TPC's design and construction, agrees. He says, "If you set out to design a car that gets a high mpg at all costs, chances are you will do things that turn the consumer off. The TPC, for example, doesn't have windows that roll down. We made that decision in order to cut down on aerodynamic drag." According to Ankeny, the TPC, if it were produced, would retail for about the price of a Chevette—but it won't be. "If you can't sell it, you shouldn't build it," he says.

Small cars accounted for only a third of the market during the first half of 1982, against a 40-percent share the year before. Both American and foreign manufacturers seem to have concluded that American consumers, convinced of a "gasoline glut," have less incentive now than in years past to buy highly fuel-efficient cars. Even discounting the larger inventory of small cars that the auto makers must produce to keep up with the CAFE standards, gas misers are relatively slow to move off the lot. Day-supply figures measure the time between the delivery of cars to a dealer and their sale. At the end of last October, Ford struggled with an 83-day supply of Escorts, its most efficient vehicle and by far the most popular among American small cars, against a 43-day supply of Lincoln Continentals.

Indeed, the improvement since 1978 in the overall fuel efficiency of each succeeding year's new-car fleet is a function more of the federally mandated CAFE standards than of any enduring pressure from the marketplace. Not that consumers are profligate; the most efficient subcompact segment of the automobile market continues to increase, but it increases at a much slower pace than the advocates of the CAFE requirements hoped. According to Dr. David S. Potter, the vice president of General Motors who oversees his company's relations with the government, "The law told us to tool to build 1983 cars with an average 26 mpg, and we did. But the customers are telling us they don't want them."

MORE THAN SIMPLE consumer prejudice argues against the purchase of extraordinarily efficient automobiles. The law of diminishing returns also discourages their sale. Each incremental gain in fuel economy yields decreasing savings in fuel used and dollars spent for it. Say that a car travels an average of 12,000 miles a year. If this car runs at 15 mpg, it requires 800 gallons of gas a year. If its efficiency increases to 20 mpg, the fuel demanded over a year drops to 600 gallons. The difference between the two rates is 200 gallons, and at an assumed price of $1.50 per gallon, the buyer who chooses a car with an efficiency of 20 mpg rather than 15 will spend $300 less a year on gas. For the

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next increment of five, from 20 to 25 mpg, however, the savings in fuel used annually is 120 gallons, or $180. Plotted out on a graph, these progressive changes make for a curve with a steep initial slide and then a long, shallow plain. The incremental difference between 50 and 55 mpg is only 22 gallons, or $33 saved. From 95 to 100 mpg, the difference is about 6 gallons, or $9 saved.

Next, extrapolate these figures over somewhat broader intervals and over an assumed vehicle lifetime of 100,000 miles. If the car runs at 25 mpg (just one mile over the CAFE requirement for 1982 models), it will consume 4,000 gallons of fuel over its lifetime, at a cost of $6,000. Raising its efficiency to 50 mpg saves 2,000 gallons of gas, or $3,000. From 50 mpg to 75, the difference is 667 gallons, or roughly $1,000 saved; from 75 mpg to 100, 333 gallons, or $500. Of course, these figures take for granted that annual mileage and gas prices remain constant; should they rise, the savings in dollars would also rise. But they presume, as well, that the additional technologies and special materials required to meet these escalations in fuel efficiency are essentially without cost. They are not. The changes in design that separate a 50-mpg car from a 100-mpg car (not to mention the plant retooling expenses that would be passed on to consumers) may well add more to the sticker price than the $1,500 saved over the car's lifetime as a result of the increased fuel efficiency. What's more, since most new-car buyers sell their vehicles well before they wear out, a strict economic assessment would allow only the fuel savings during that shorter period of ownership to be calculated as offsetting the car's purchase price. Thus, a rational consumer might well choose a less sophisticated and cheaper vehicle over a magnificently efficient but expensive one. (Some people who have bought diesel cars will never realize enough fuel savings from their normal driving to justify the cars' higher price.) Even more likely, a buyer could decide to forgo the $120 savings a year—a penny per mile—from a car that runs at 75 rather than at 50 mpg in favor of a sporty car body and a powerful engine.

These calculations show a basic conflict between the demands of consumers and the needs of the nation. New-car buyers tend to base their purchasing decisions on the most appealing combination of a design that is flattering to the ego and a cost that is sparing of the pocketbook. Provided that gas remains in apparently plentiful supply and that its price remains stable, little incentive exists for the customer, or for the auto makers, to trade comfort and other gratifications for extreme fuel economy. On a cost-per-mile basis, such a trade does not pay. Yet, another pertinent figure also belongs in this equation: the cost-per-mile borne by the nation. Although the flattening curve of diminishing returns on fuel savings enters in to the nation's cost as it does to the individual consumer's, some indirect costs are incurred too. Importing foreign oil threatens national security, by upsetting the balance of payments, stimulating inflation, and fostering dependence on countries with interests that may not coincide with ours. The current fleet of private cars in the U.S. adds to this threat, by burning fuel at less than optimum efficiency.

To remedy this predicament, the government has several options. It could impose fuel taxes and raise the price of gasoline artificially, so that the only economic wisdom would be to eschew wasteful cars. Or it could increase the CAFE standards to the point where independence was attained. The difference between these two approaches, simply put, is the difference between reducing the demand for imported oil by making gas expensive and reducing demand by dictating what kinds of cars domestic auto makers may build (i.e., extremely efficient ones). Both solutions have their problems. Legislators know well the unpopularity of fuel tariffs; proponents would stand a real chance of losing their jobs in the next election they faced. Raising the CAFE standards further would merely tighten Detroit's current bind: if consumers do not choose to buy the most efficient cars built now, why should they choose even more efficient ones in the future? A moderate combination of the two solutions might be more practical. Higher gas prices through taxation would allow consumers to buy more powerful cars, only to drive them less often, while CAFE standards ascending at a more gradual pace would slowly remove inefficient cars from the market. No one can say how long the current petroleum surplus will last; the variables are as far-flung and different as the whims and fates of OPEC, Alaska, Britain, and Mexico. Should the glut suddenly disappear, the higher deregulated gas prices that would result might have the same effect as increased taxes, without their political cost. In this event, the consumers might turn toward efficient cars of their own accord.

But these scenarios, again, assume that technological changes occur without additional costs. In the opinion of some in the auto industry, the research and development and the plant retooling necessary to produce highly efficient vehicles could raise the price of cars out of the reach of many potential customers, and perhaps of the auto makers themselves. Since 1980, the nation's auto industry has been posting annual losses in the hundreds of millions of dollars, with only occasional quarterly relief. A recent report by the Office of the U.S. Comptroller General stated, "Although a forty- to fifty-mile-per-gallon fleet is technologically feasible . . . the massive investment required may be beyond the domestic companies' financial ability." Of course, product-development costs are short-term and can be ameliorated over time, but that is only so much tantalizing theory if producers cannot find the capital to meet the costs in the first place.

To date, the federal government has taken, for the most part, only punitive steps to persuade manufacturers to "reinvent the automobile"—setting escalating fuel-efficiency requirements and the like. It has shied away from compensating the auto industry outright for modifications through such measures as low-interest loans to subsidize studies of manufacturing problems and to meet the expenses of factory conversion. Congress is now considering a bill that would set up a federal competition to reward designers of highly fuel-efficient vehicles. (A similar competition, held in England in the eighteenth century, led to the invention of the ship's chronometer). Battelle, among others, has great hopes for the bill's passage, but, although it has cleared the appropriate subcommittee, its legislative prospects appear doubtful. The Administration actively opposes the bill and any other of its type. Instead, the Administration prefers to do nothing, trusting the "invisible hand" of a fickle marketplace to sort things out according to the wills of Economic Man and of the Almighty.

—*Michael VerMeulen*

Michael VerMeulen is writing a book on corporate take-overs.

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From Embargo to Imbroglio

Trade embargoes don't work. The American colonies tried one in 1774 to pressure the British around to our point of view. It failed. The U.S. tried an embargo during the Napoleonic wars and it failed, too. Our goal was to keep out of war. The result was that we got in one.

In more recent times we tried trade embargoes against Mao's China, Ian Smith's Rhodesia, and Castro's Cuba, and they failed to achieve their objectives. We imposed a grain embargo against the Soviets for their invasion of Afghanistan. We've resumed selling grain, and the Soviet Union still occupies Afghanistan.

The last two centuries should have taught us that attempts to use trade restrictions to force a course of action on a sovereign nation not only are ineffective, but actually can be counterproductive. The country imposing the embargo may be hurt even more than the country on the receiving end.

A recent example was the U.S. government's embargo on the use of American-designed equipment for the Soviet gas pipeline to Western Europe. Like all trade embargoes, this one turned into a battle of national sovereignty. America's allies resented being pressured into adopting policies they disagree with, and they object to the extraterritorial application of U.S. laws as a violation of their own sovereignty. If the shoe were on the other foot, we would have stomped just as hard.

The pipeline embargo was imposed to "punish" the Soviet Union for its continued repression in Poland. Ironically, the Soviets actually gained considerable political advantage from the embargo as a result of the disarray it brought about in the Atlantic alliance. Moreover, even if the embargo were continued, the Soviets still would have gotten the technology to complete the pipeline from other sources.

The embargo succeeded only in hurting America. It undermined the usefulness of technological links between European and American companies. It inhibited U.S. industry from participating in international collaborations. It encouraged neutralist, radical, and anti-American sentiment in Europe. It eroded the export initiatives of American businesses. And it unfairly gave U.S. companies a reputation of being unreliable suppliers.

Not only did the U.S. put itself on a collision course with its allies, but the squabble threatened to spill over to other outstanding trade issues such as steel, textiles, and agriculture. And the Atlantic disunity that resulted has not helped the Polish people.

Now that the pipeline impasse is resolved, the larger question remains: Is a trade embargo a good weapon to bring about changes in another country's policies?

Experience shows it is not. It may backfire or blow up in our face. We cannot aim it carefully. It has the effect of a blunderbuss, with its shots sometimes ricocheting and hitting those who pull the trigger as well as innocent parties. It's a weapon that can easily get out of hand with consequences unintended, unanticipated—and unwanted.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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THE PERPETUAL CAMPAIGN

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

An inquiry into these questions: Will years of running for President pay off for Walter Mondale, as it did for three previous candidates? Does Mondale, or any other Democratic candidate, have any new ideas? And what is the party going to do about entitlement programs, and about the unions, whose support it needs but whose expectations may have become an obstacle to economic recovery?

TO JUDGE STRICTLY FROM PRECEDENT, WALTER F. Mondale has a better chance than any other Democrat to win the presidential nomination and, perhaps, to replace Ronald Reagan. After all, four of the past eight Presidents have been former Vice Presidents, as Mondale is. And Mondale, out of office, has been campaigning full-time since late 1981; the past three elected Presidents, Nixon, Carter, and Reagan, were all non-officeholders who did nothing but campaign for years. While Mondale campaigns, his current opponents for the Democratic nomination are senators bound (at least in theory) to their Capitol Hill desks.

Mondale's first run at the presidency came in 1974, and it didn't last long. Like a car trying to start on a cold Minnesota morning, his campaign heaved and jerked and rattled, then expired, motionless. Mondale made his now-famous sheepish apology: "I don't think anyone should be President who is not willing to go through fire," he said. "Basically, I found that I did not have the overwhelming desire to be President which is essential for the kind of campaign that is required." Political professionals were vastly amused by the affair, and wrote Mondale off.

But Mondale was not finished; nor was he turning against politics. His 1974 campaign failed not because he experienced some metaphysical crisis but because his political timing and strategy weren't right. In 1974, Mondale now concedes, he had no particular program in mind, no clear objective for the country, and no specific notion of how to administer the presidency—just a general conviction that he could represent liberalism. He had received enough publicity as a senator to become well known, and, like many politicians in that position, he couldn't resist the temptation to raise the stakes. Mondale quickly found out that his personal ambition and good name weren't enough to make him President. He said recently, "I wasn't experienced; I wasn't satisfied I had the answers. I wasn't in a position to really help the country." The next important moment in Mondale's career, friends close to him say, came in the summer of 1976, when Carter was auditioning candidates for Vice President. One of Mondale's aides, Richard Moe, had predicted far in advance that Carter would need a northern liberal to balance his ticket, and had been preparing his boss to maneuver for the chance. Mondale ultimately threw himself at Carter, and his dignity was tested when Carter put off his decision to the last possible instant. In a suite in New York's Carlyle Hotel on the morning when Carter was supposed to announce his choice, Mondale, who had no idea what Carter would do, kept picking up the phone to make sure it was working. Afterward, friends say, he resolved never to be in this subservient position again—and the only way to ensure that he wouldn't be was to have the nomination himself.

Mondale's term in the White House proved to be the final stage in his transformation into a serious candidate. While his ultimate authority was slight, his involvement in presidential affairs was greater than that of most Vice

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Presidents, so he was able to observe the mechanics of the Oval Office firsthand, and to see how rudimentary and trivial are the mistakes that can drag a President down. A former aide recalls sitting with him on Air Force Two (a piece of equipment that, even now, Mondale and his staff speak of often, and with longing) in the days when the Carter Administration was going sour. "We're blowing it, we're blowing it," Mondale is reported to have said in despair. And the reasons, he was saying, were so maddeningly basic: that Carter refused to deal with Congress, that he refused to coax and cajole, that he insisted on floating airily above it all. Mondale says that his experience with Carter taught him something simple but vital—that he could handle the job. "I realized that I would be able to be President, and I was never really sure of that before."

Somewhere along the way, Mondale overcame his distaste for campaigning. During the 1978 mid-term elections, he traveled the country extensively on behalf of Democratic candidates, training for his own eventual campaign (and comforted by the luxuries of his vice-presidential 707). Now, with the Democratic Convention still more than a year off, he is sustaining a pace of almost constant travel. During 1982, he campaigned in person for more than 135 Democratic candidates in forty states. I followed him through a recent campaign trip; in one period of less than seventy-two hours, we stopped in Erie, Pittsburgh, and Harrisburg; Green Bay and Milwaukee; St. Louis; Kansas City; and Los Angeles. During the trip, Mondale changed personnel the way a rider changes horses. One aide would accompany him for a day or two and return to Washington, exhausted; a new aide would appear to take his place. But Mondale himself never faltered, looking as fresh and eager at Los Angeles International Airport as he had at Austin Straubel Field, in Green Bay. At the Penn Harris Motor Inn in Harrisburg, a typical appearance, he sat through three hours of a Democratic Party dinner, one minor candidate after another standing up to make a predictable speech. ("And now a few words from our next state supreme court justice, Steve Zappala. Steve is a man who. . . .") Mondale listened attentively the evening through, an exercise of discipline all the more impressive given the fact that he must sit in the place of honor adjacent to the podium, where any nodding off is clearly observable. While for legal reasons involving the protocols of campaign contributions he is not yet officially a candidate, this time, Mondale says privately, there is no turning back.

CLEARLY, WALTER MONDALE HAS LED A CHARMED life. He has never had to win entirely on his own the offices he has held. In 1960, he was appointed, at the age of thirty-two, to be Minnesota's attorney general, when the sitting attorney general resigned following a trivial disagreement with local Democratic leaders. Assuming that office, Mondale found in the files documents that would make his name a household word across the state. The previous attorney general had been investigating the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation, a charity suspected of misappropriating funds, and was close to pay dirt. Soon Mondale was telling the press how an officer of the foundation had funneled money meant for handicapped children into his own pocket. It was a banner-headline scandal, and Mondale was the hero. When the time came for Mondale to run on his own, he ran as a popular incumbent, and won easily.

Then, in 1964, after his mentor Hubert Humphrey ran for Vice President with Lyndon Johnson, Mondale was appointed to fill out Humphrey's term as senator. He had two years to get ready to run as an incumbent, in 1966. He ran and won again in 1972. In 1976, Carter (under pressure from Humphrey, who was in failing health but at the peak of his persuasive power) selected Mondale as his Vice President. Again he advanced by means of someone else's strength.

Because of this history, Mondale is sometimes presumed to have been born of a well-connected family that smoothed his path. He was not. His father, a farmer who became a rural Methodist minister, was a first-generation immigrant; he was kind and hardworking, but through his life he acquired few possessions and little influence. Unlike Ronald Reagan, who found fame and fortune during the Depression (a fact that colors his present world view), Mondale's family barely made it through the early 1930s, and stayed poor afterward.

In his book, *Mondale*, Finlay Lewis, a reporter for the *Minneapolis Tribune*, describes how Mondale managed to enroll in Macalester College, in St. Paul, in 1946. That same year Hubert Humphrey, who had taught a political-science course at Macalester, was making his reputation as a radical young mayor. Mondale met Humphrey and was fascinated by him; he was also fascinated by how Humphrey had achieved the mayor's office, by using a combination of wild, rocking political rallies and tedious door-to-door canvassing. In 1948, Humphrey ran for the Senate. Mondale, Lewis writes, was soon doing only enough schoolwork to get by, spending his spare time working for Humphrey under his campaign manager, Orville Freeman. Just weeks after Humphrey won a runaway victory, Mondale's father died, and soon, predictably, Mondale's filial affections were transferred to Humphrey and Freeman. Mondale took a year off in 1949 and went to work in Washington; he was twenty-one years old, an unsophisticated country boy with a U.S. senator for a friend. He kept working for Humphrey and Freeman, through college, without pay. From 1951 to 1953, he served in the Army; stationed at Fort Knox, he was never involved in the Korean fighting. After discharge, he entered the University of Minnesota law school, but he continued to work for Freeman, who ran for and won Minnesota's governorship in 1954. Later, when Mondale opened a small law office, his political work continued—mostly tiring, thankless swings through small towns. When Freeman ran for re-election in

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1958, he made Mondale his campaign manager, and Mondale did well. Thus, when Freeman appointed Mondale to be the state attorney general, in 1960, it was a reward for service, not a recognition of his legal accomplishments. Yet the choice was fair. Mondale, after all, had proven himself through years of unglamorous effort to be diligent and reliable: his appointment was the bright side of political patronage in operation. After the Sister Kenny boost, Mondale compiled a strong record both as attorney general and as a politician. Polls showed him to be the Minnesota voters' favorite for appointed successor to Humphrey. When Carter chose Mondale to be Vice President, it was mainly because he wanted the good reputation and connections Mondale had earned in Washington. It is understandable, then, that Mondale is bothered by the perception that he has led a soft life. "When you really work hard and do your job, sometimes it looks easy," he will say peevishly. Mondale's career ascent, though helped by good fortune, would not have been possible without his effort.

Following Humphrey's example, Mondale sought the connections in Washington of a traditional Democratic coalition-builder. He made friends among the representatives of organized labor (Mondale's background in Minnesota's labor-oriented Democratic Farmer-Labor Party, a semi-independent sect, and the fact that he had led a modest corn-pickers' strike one summer when he was in college, helped there). At the same time, he was careful not to offend needlessly the conservative southern wing of the party. Sometimes this meant compromising on liberal causes such as busing and fair housing before the Senate, to the dismay of Democratic leftists. Usually it just meant behaving like a member of the Senate "club"—being deferential to the older southerners and keeping politics out of personal relations. This way, Mondale was able to cultivate the friendship and occasional assistance of conservative Democrats such as Senator James Eastland, of Mississippi. It was the same strategy that Humphrey had followed, with varying degrees of success—always trying to be as conciliatory in private as he was bombastic in public.

MONDALE'S STRATEGY IS THE SAME TODAY; IN ORder to win the nomination, he is reactivating the old coalition of labor and southerners, a coalition that has not functioned since Humphrey used it in 1968. (Jimmy Carter largely shunned the Democratic Party machinery, taking his message—"trust me"—directly to the voters. McGovern tried to win over the Democratic coalition as his campaign fell apart, but was never supported by either group.) Mondale is the one leading Democratic contender who has always been, by experience and temperament, a traditional grass-roots politician.

The other leading contenders before Senator Edward Kennedy announced that he would not run were Kennedy himself and John Glenn (Ohio). Senators Gary Hart (Colorado), Alan Cranston (California), and Ernest Hollings

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(South Carolina), the former governor of Florida, Reubin Askew, and Representative Morris Udall (Arizona) are also running. Hart is not likely to win, in part because his cool, technocratic image does not seem to be inspiring to voters; he is expected to do well, however, and to emerge from the campaign as a national leader. Cranston, who is sixty-eight years old, has been pushed by the same vague ambitions that moved Mondale in 1974; he tells friends that he might as well run, because he's as good as anyone else in the race, but that is hardly a pitch to inspire confidence. Few expect Cranston to last out the early primaries, if only because, though he is healthy, he has in recent years visibly aged. Hollings and Askew probably are actually running for Vice President; each has only a small chance of winning the presidential nomination, but either could, as a result of an impressive showing, make himself a ticket-balancer for a northerner such as Kennedy, should Kennedy decide to re-enter the race. Udall finds it hard to resist making one last try, but he has Parkinson's disease, and might suffer from the rigors of a campaign.

Among the three leaders, there are sharp differences in personal history and style. Kennedy did not start out by working his way up through the political ranks, as Mondale did, but was pulled up by his brothers' successes. In the fall election campaign, he promoted himself as the Democrats' Reagan—the representative of old party values. Also, like Reagan, he has star quality, the ability to excite people by his presence—something Mondale will never be accused of. Despite his decision not to run, he presumably will have a significant impact on nomination politics and on the shaping of the party's 1984 platform.

Glenn is not a lifelong politician, having been elected directly to the Senate on the strength of his fame as a Korean War hero and an astronaut. The political appeal of Glenn's space flight seems to grow rather than diminish with time. Glenn didn't win election to the Senate until 1974, after losing attempts in 1964 and 1970; then, voters seemed distinctly unimpressed by his feats as an astronaut. Today, however, Glenn draws increasingly enthusiastic crowds wherever he goes—crowds that come to see a hero, not a senator. If bad economic times persist, voters may long for a symbol of success and patriotism. That, coupled with Glenn's solid if unspectacular Senate record, could propel him past the other candidates.

But while their styles and images differ, in one respect Mondale, Kennedy, and Glenn are remarkably similar. All have settled on nearly the same portfolio of "new ideas" about the economy and defense. Either all have come up with the right answers or all have failed in the effort.

NONE OF THE DEMOCRATS OFFERS A PANACEA ON the order of supply-side economics, and that is probably a good sign, given the recent disappointing history of political cure-alls. It is fashionable among the Democrats and their academic advisers to say that the age of "macro solutions" (Republican insistence on supply-side remedies, or Democratic calls for full employment) has passed, replaced by a need for many "micro" solutions—the fine-tuning of society on a case-by-case basis.

To some degree, all the leading Democrats propose the following "micro" actions: eased monetary policy to bring interest rates down; more federal spending on education and job training, now called "human-capital investment"; a new industry–government–labor partnership to meet international competition; heavy government spending to rebuild the country's "infrastructure" of roads and bridges; modification or cancellation of Reagan's third tax cut, which is scheduled to take effect next July; restoration of some of the programs hurt by Reagan's budget cuts, such as child nutrition and health-screening; mild decreases in defense spending; large government subsidies for industrial research and development; and an "industrial policy." The proposals for an "industrial policy" are extremely vague, but their tao is Japanese; they are inspired by the model of the Japanese government's support of business.

Noticeably absent from this list are items from the traditional Democratic social agenda, such as minority advancement, expanded civil rights, and full employment; Kennedy, long a champion of national health insurance, alone continues to advocate that idea. Whether or not the Democrats have reached the conclusion that many activist social goals aren't sensible or practical isn't clear, but all the contenders have decided that now is not the time to press for them.

Because the new ideas adopted by the major Democratic figures are so similar, it appears that the nomination will be determined primarily by personalities, style, organization, and, of course, luck, with ideology and issues playing only minor roles. (Once the nomination is decided, on the other hand, the Democrats' general-election campaign will likely be extremely ideological. In reaction to the programs of Reagan or some other economic conservative, the Democrats can be expected to draft a platform that calls for the government's increased involvement in the economy.) There are some differences. Kennedy tends to dwell on sustaining at some level what are fashionably called "smokestack" industries, and he may propose a national development bank with power to invest Treasury money in corporate stock. Mondale emphasizes international competition—expanding exports and resorting to trade restrictions, if necessary. Glenn talks most of improving schools and providing training for highly skilled jobs, which happen to be the easiest political goals to advocate, since no one is opposed to education. Hart's plan is to leave the smokestack industries to their fate and to channel resources into making the U.S. dominant in high-technology fields.

Mondale's "micro" prescriptions include lowering interest rates, both to fuel the economy and to cut the budget deficit by lowering the government's borrowing costs; letting the dollar's value weaken, to promote U.S. exports;

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encouraging small-business innovators and entrepreneurs and discouraging further corporate mergers; establishing a federal "capital budget," which would list "infrastructure" and other public-works items separately from social and defense spending; generously funding these public-works projects, both to accomplish the reconstruction and to generate jobs; encouraging industry–labor–government "partnership," perhaps by means of an advisory tripartite commission; increasing the budget of the Export-Import Bank, which subsidizes U.S. exports; perhaps providing more "trade adjustment assistance," the special unemployment-benefits program for workers laid off as a result of losses to foreign competitors, primarily in the steel and automotive industries; strictly enforcing various trade protections, such as the regulations that restrict imports of foreign steel; and opposing, though not formally restricting, the loans that banks and pension funds may offer outside the U.S.

HOW WOULD THESE GOALS BE ACCOMPLISHED? Mondale says that interest rates could be lowered by reducing government deficits, but, perhaps because he senses that this method sounds like supply-side theory, his staff is now considering adopting Kennedy's proposal that Congress pass a bill compelling the Federal Reserve to keep its interest rates at between one and 4 percent above inflation. (Three to 4 percent is called the "historic" interest rate by economists, because that's what banks charged over and above inflation from the end of World War II until recently.) A weaker dollar would improve the market for U.S. exports, by making them easier for foreigners to buy, and would also make imports more expensive and thus less attractive to U.S. consumers. The dollar's strength is an ironic product of Reagan's successful war on inflation, and it has deepened the recession by hurting export-oriented industries. (The Rossignol ski company, for instance, recently closed a plant in Vermont and opened one in France because the favorable dollar–franc exchange makes it more profitable to manufacture in Europe.) A weaker dollar may make economic sense, but advocating it will baffle the public, because through the 1970s, when the dollar *was* weak, voters were told how bad that was. Mondale's dream is to emulate the Japanese, who at the moment are having it both ways—a weak yen and high economic growth. He neglects to add that the Japanese accomplish this by discouraging consumer demand at home, something that would not go over well with the consumption-oriented American voter.

Mondale's plans for small businesses come primarily from Robert B. Reich, a Harvard professor of public policy and former Federal Trade Commission official who has emerged as the chief source of the Democrats' economic solutions. Reich, perhaps more than any other influential economist, appreciates the stultifying nature of large corporate bureaucracies (he seems to be one of the few who have come to understand that large bureaucracies are just as bad for business as for government), and he believes that the merger-mad, paper-swapping modern business manager is one of the culprits behind the nation's economic decline. Unfortunately, inspiring a return to small, specialized businesses is hard to accomplish. Lower interest rates would help, since high rates do more damage to small, new ventures than to large firms serving established markets. Mondale also suggests a new program of tax breaks and loans for small businesses, although the dramatic tax breaks made available to businesses of every size under Reagan's accelerated-depreciation bill so far have not had the desired effect. Perhaps the more expeditious scheme that Mondale has proposed to inhibit the expansion of large corporations is simply for the government to put a stop to corporate mergers, although he has not made clear how he would do this. Mondale says of the merger wave, "It's obscene—billions of dollars being wasted just so A can say it owns B, millions more being wasted on take-over defenses, and now millions going into cozy management contracts to make take-over targets unattractive. It all just accelerates the shift from long-term improvements to short-term profits and quick fixes."

The idea of separating the "capital budget" from the national budget as a whole is solely a bookkeeping scheme. Like Reagan's "balanced budget" amendment, it couldn't hurt, but at the same time, it won't make a real difference.

Mondale's Export-Import Bank proposal seems out of step with the times, because it is an unabashed call for a large subsidy. The Export-Import Bank provides below-market financing for American goods sold overseas; however, all other Western nations have similar institutions, which provide even lower-interest loans to exporters. Thus, U.S. sellers are increasingly losing out to foreign competitors. (Boeing and McDonnell-Douglas, for instance, have lost numerous commercial-airliner sales to the European Airbus because of the Airbus's heavily subsidized financing.) "We've got to say to the Europeans, if you're going to lowball us, we're going to lowball you," Mondale says. The system of subsidized exports runs against economic logic: one country spends so that another country can buy merchandise at artificially low prices. For each contract, pressure on governments to subsidize the seller is considerable. Mondale contends that touching off a serious subsidized-loan war would eventually force the Europeans to see the foolishness of all subsidized exports, and to sue for peace by negotiating an agreement to dissolve export-import-type institutions.

Perhaps this scheme would work. But perhaps a fatter Export-Import Bank would become simply another entrenched subsidy defended by special-interest constituents who would have a powerful (if short-sighted) reason to oppose its dissolution. And that is the flaw of many of the Democrats' new ideas—that they are really just new names for old subsidies. For instance, according to Kennedy's staff, the development bank he contemplates to invest

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federal funds in corporate stock would channel assistance to promising new industries and to failing old ones. That pretty much covers the spectrum. The development bank could easily become a bailout clearinghouse, enabling corporations to get taxpayer assistance without having to go through Congress. The government-sponsored "human-capital" training emphasized by Glenn, among others, sounds suspiciously like a high-technology version of the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA), the most recent, and farcically ineffective, federal attempt at job training. CETA proved unable to train people in simple, transferrable skills such as construction work; how would a new version prepare them to be computer engineers? The lesson of CETA might have been that the only effective source of job training is the companies who are hiring new workers. Mondale's special trade protections (he also favors rules requiring that a certain percentage of the parts of imported cars be built in the U.S., as do Kennedy, Glenn, and Cranston) could give smokestack industries the breathing space they need to retool, or they could encourage the industries to put off renovation and provide labor unions with grounds to demand a new round of costly wage increases.

THE BEST EXAMPLE OF THE DEMOCRATS' ECONOMIC reasoning is the infrastructure rebuilding called for by all the candidates. Public works are crumbling not so much because government spending has stopped but because construction costs have risen so high that the nation cannot afford the repairs. Construction of a new tube for the Baltimore Harbor Tunnel, for instance, is costing $512 million per mile. The Century Freeway in Los Angeles will cost at least $93 million, and possibly as much as $162 million, per mile. The final two-mile stretch of Washington's inner-city I-395, all but completed several years ago, is used by city workers as a parking lot. The reason why the road hasn't been opened is that the work that remains to be done—a few ramps and the white lines, signs, and streetlights—is estimated to cost $10.5 million, and the money isn't available.

Public-works construction is prohibitively expensive for a variety of reasons, including bid-rigging by construction companies, overcharging by materials suppliers, and lawsuits filed by environmentalists. But the fundamental reason is the wage demands of labor unions. Most federal construction is covered by the Davis-Bacon Act, which requires that workers be paid the "prevailing wage"—that is, usually, the union wage—for government projects. When a union wage is paid, Davis-Bacon also dictates that union work rules—for instance, that there be many more high-paid journeymen than low-paid apprentices on a job—apply to federal projects. The results are to make infrastructure repair all but impossible to afford; to hand a large amount of money to those few construction workers who do get jobs, but to do little to relieve unemployment; and to subsidize construction jobs that pay workers $20 an hour with the taxes of others who may make $8 or $10 an hour.

The Democrats do not address this side of the problem, however; they only call for more money to be pumped into public works. If enacted as now proposed, the Democrats' infrastructure plans would perpetuate the existing system of excessive wages and limited job creation.

In this way, the "micro" approach, which considers only small, specific adjustments, enables the Democrats to avoid facing several big problems that underlie U.S. industrial stagnation. For instance, while eased monetary policy and lower interest rates might have the desired "micro" effect of stepping up economic activity, it is deceptive to suggest, as Mondale and all the Democrats do to some degree, that this would be an economic cure. Interest rates were reasonable during the early 1970s, and in that same period, the pattern of today's decline was being set. That pattern has largely to do with the internal structures of U.S. business, and the expectations and concerns of U.S. business executives and workers. Business managers expect dramatic short-term profits, government support, or market protection if they fail to invest for the future, and high salaries at all times, including raises even if their companies are losing money. (International Harvester, for example, recently gave its departing chairman, Archie R. McCardell, a $600,000 bonus; the company, following his tenure, was thinking of filing for bankruptcy. *Fortune* magazine concluded, after an extensive survey of top-management salaries, that "to an extraordinary extent, executives who flop still get paid handsomely.") Labor unions, meanwhile, also expect uninterrupted wage-and-benefit increases, regardless of how the employers are faring, and even when increases will accelerate a business's decline. (Witness Chrysler, this past fall, with 60 percent of its work force laid off, and the rest talking about a strike over higher wages.)

The Democrats' new "micro" ideas do not address this "macro" problem, and many—for example, the expanded "trade adjustment assistance" program—could worsen it. Even now, "adjustment assistance" in effect pays those workers who qualify for it as much as double the amount of normal unemployment benefits. Thus, after forcing their companies to lay them off by insisting on wages that cannot be paid given the vigor of foreign competition, workers in some industries are kept insulated from reality by special benefits not available to other workers but financed by other workers' taxes. A recent, much-publicized report of the House Democratic Caucus not only seconds the adjustment-assistance idea but suggests expanding it.

The closest the Democrats come to facing the need for wage-and-salary restraint is the "tax-based incomes policy" advocated by Hart. Hart's complicated system would concentrate tax breaks on companies that succeed in holding down wages and prices and penalize those that fail to do so.

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Strangely, the limited promise of these more detailed proposals leaves the vaguest among them, industry–labor–government "partnership" and "industrial policy," as ultimately the most important. Clearly, there is no present force in American life sufficient to moderate workers' and managers' expectations of ever more money regardless of the economy; one reason is that, even in the depths of recession, labor and management still eye each other with unlimited suspicion, presuming the worst at every turn. Some new influence must be brought to bear to change that, and perhaps "partnership"—some kind of government counseling function—would do. This, if workable, could be the Democrats' most important "new idea," but it must be refined and given substance before 1984 if it is to have any meaning.

WHILE MONDALE IS PURSUING FAVORABLE PUBLIC opinion by means of "new ideas," he is pursuing votes with an old strategy—one perfected by Richard Nixon.

When Nixon lost the California governor's race in 1962, he was out of politics, scorned by the public, and out of a job, with no firsthand knowledge of the business world. Nixon's response was to move to New York City and join the corporate law firm that is now Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander. There, he gained acceptance by big-business leaders and developed a network of potential major campaign contributors. He began, for the first time in his life, to make a large salary. And he arranged with the firm to spend relatively little time in the office. With some seed money and his salary from the law firm to fall back on, Nixon began to travel, campaigning for every local Republican candidate, however minor, who would consent to appear on the same platform with him.

By the mid-1960s, Nixon was still regarded as a joke by the national press and the national party structure, but he found himself with more and more friends at the party's local level, friends who would eventually be delegates to the 1968 Republican Convention. Meanwhile, he initiated the "New Nixon" campaign, which was designed to convince voters that he was now a different and substantially better candidate. His chief competition was Nelson Rockefeller, but although some Republicans passionately wanted Rockefeller, others passionately did not. Nixon positioned himself such that when the anti-Rockefeller faction turned to look for a savior, it saw him. The reaction against Rockefeller, combined with the calling in of many small, personal debts accumulated through years of local campaigning, finally won Nixon the nomination.

The parallels to Mondale are striking. When Mondale left the vice presidency in 1980, he, like Nixon, suffered a loss of public esteem, in Mondale's case because of his association with Carter. He had never held a job in the corporate world, and he lacked the credentials that would make business leaders feel comfortable with him. So he took a job in the Washington office of Winston & Strawn, a Chicago-based corporate law firm, and joined the boards of Control Data and Columbia Pictures. Between the salary from the law firm and those from the board directorships, Mondale's income soared to an estimated $500,000. And the deal with Winston & Strawn is like Nixon's with his firm: Mondale simply lends his prestige to the firm and makes a few phone calls; he does little legal work. He is free to travel the country practically full-time.

Shortly after signing on with Winston & Strawn, Mondale began his first round of travels—what he called a "re-education" campaign in a *New York Times Magazine* piece he wrote about himself. Through most of 1981, Mondale moved around the country and overseas, meeting businessmen, professors, military officers, and political leaders and seeking "new ideas." His aides worried that if Mondale failed to *find* new ideas—if his "re-education" had no clear result—the episode would come to be seen as an especially windy publicity stunt. Instead, however it was intended, it has turned out to be a political masterstroke. In 1981, when Reagan was at the height of his power in Congress, many Democrats made panicky conversions to supply-side and other conservative programs, conversions they soon began to regret. But by announcing a "re-education" period, Mondale was able to appear to be open-minded, weighing the Administration's arguments, so that he could endorse supply-side theory in the remote event that it did work without committing himself to it in the meantime. His conclusions wouldn't come until his "re-education" was complete—that is, until the public's verdict was in on Reagan's policies. And whichever way it turned out, there would be a "New Mondale," disassociated from the discredited liberal programs and, perhaps, from Carter.

By early 1982, Mondale quietly dropped his "re-education" theme and began to campaign in earnest for local Democratic candidates and, of course, indirectly for himself. Other Democratic contenders, such as Kennedy and Cranston, were already doing the same, but, being senators, they could not invest as much time as Mondale could. Candidates to campaign for were chosen, Mondale's aides say, on the basis of who and what areas would be essential to the 1984 nomination (by last September, Mondale had already made fifteen appearances in Iowa) and, simply, on the basis of who would accept his assistance. Because the Democratic contenders had to compete for local platforms to share and for local candidates to embrace as "my old friend," Mondale, Kennedy, and the rest often found themselves bidding against each other. "Mondale's people called me up and said, 'Buzz, we'd really like to come out and help you,'" says Anthony Andrezeski, a congressional candidate from Erie, Pennsylvania.

Many of the appearances were fundraisers, either for the local candidates or for Mondale's political-action committee (PAC), which Mondale named the Committee for the Future of America. By the fall of 1982, the PAC had raised $2.2 million to finance Mondale's activities. One

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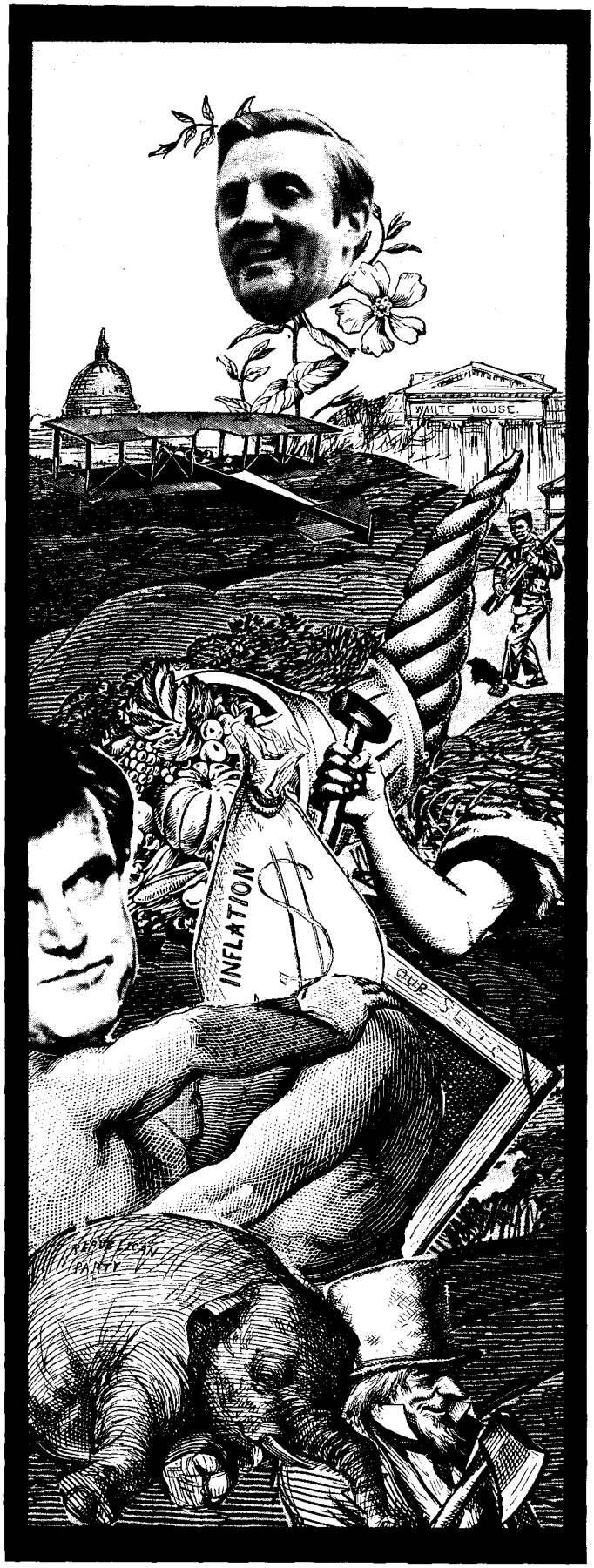

benefit of this money, and of Mondale's lucrative contract with Winston & Strawn, is that it enables Mondale to travel first-class. The small jets he charters are not as fancy as Air Force Two, but they have their compensations; while first-class accommodations may be a luxury for the occasional traveler, they are almost a necessity, given the exhaustions of constant travel, for a full-time political campaigner. Mondale also likes to be treated well; although he is not materialistic, he seems to be cheered by little touches of luxury and to gain confidence when some fuss is made over him. Another effect of the PAC money is that it enables Mondale himself to make contributions to local candidates, a recent innovation in the pursuit of the presidency. At nearly every stop, Mondale presses some amount of money into the hands of local candidates. At a Milwaukee dinner last fall, for instance, he gave a check for $3,000 to the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Anthony Earl. Mondale's PAC as of last November had spent $700,000 of its $2.2 million on direct contributions to other candidates, and on campaign services. Because his PAC machinery is affluent and well organized at this early stage (Glenn, by contrast, has almost no organization), Mondale is putting many people in his debt. His standard speech, however, includes an attack on the "unprecedented amount of special-interest money slopping around this country," and when I asked him about his own PAC, Mondale became testy. "I'm just doing what the other guy is doing," he said. "As long as the system exists, you have to use it." Other PAC money is going to direct-mail campaigns to raise more funds. Mondale's mailings are handled by a company called Targeted Communications, run by a young direct-mail consultant named Robert Smith, who calls voters "the persuadables," and who said to James Conaway, a writer for the *Washington Post Magazine*, "We conceptualize the appeal."

IT IS IRONIC THAT IN AN AGE OF MASS MEDIA AND CONceptualized appeals, presidential candidates must spend more time standing before the public than ever. Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt did not start running full-time four years before an election; neither did John Kennedy nor, the first time around, did Nixon. During the 1960s, Americans were repeatedly and ominously warned that politics would become like selling toothpaste, with candidates working exclusively through television and never seeing voters at all. In fact, exactly the reverse has happened. The traditional style of campaigning has become a career in itself.

The increased demand for candidates to travel is partly caused by the dramatic escalation of spending in politics. Candidates, like generals, feel compelled to use everything they've got; as money became available for full-time campaign staffs and chartered jets, candidates began to use them at the earliest available opportunity, forcing other candidates to respond in kind. (*The Washington Post*

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reports that Glenn will need an estimated $16 million just to finance his *nomination* campaign.) And partly it is caused by the breakdown of old party power structures. Twenty years ago, a relatively small number of Democratic leaders—perhaps a few hundred congressmen and local bosses—controlled most of the convention delegates; candidates could focus their campaigning on them. Today, when only a few in the party have a lot of power, many have a little. Mondale strategists estimate that there are 25,000 to 50,000 active Democrats with some input in the "leadership process," people who either might become delegates themselves or will have some power to sway those who do. A personal appeal to these people is important, and shaking 50,000 hands could take four years. Further, because local leaders are now more independent (or unreliable, depending on one's perspective), a single visit or favor may not be enough to win a commitment; each potential supporter must be repeatedly wooed. "The IOU process is just not what it used to be," says James Johnson, who was Mondale's White House executive assistant and is now his chief aide.

Perpetual campaigning has another purpose: to locate and inspire potential foot soldiers who will ring doorbells and hand out literature when the race speeds up. In the past, manpower was not such a problem. When big-city political machines were dominant, there was a ready and reliable pool of campaign workers: the ruling party's city and county jobholders. Anyone who was beholden to the local bosses for his paycheck had no choice but to ring doorbells, whenever and for whomever the bosses instructed. Now, presidential candidates must persuade people to walk the neighborhoods. That, too, is part of the four-year full-time task.

For Mondale personally, the long campaign has advantages. He is using the early, low-pressure appearances to improve his speaking style, to enlarge his fund of jokes and applause lines, and, generally, to learn to relax. In the White House, he was known for excessively stiff speeches and slightly imperious behavior; now, his speeches are energetic and funny, sometimes even commanding. The difference is so marked that when Mondale appeared at the Democrats' Philadelphia mini-convention, last June, and gave the best-delivered and most effective (if virtually content-free) speech of any candidate, including Kennedy, the party faithful were shocked. "Could that possibly have been Mondale?" seemed to be the common reaction.

Friends say that Mondale's true personality is merely beginning to show through; there has also been a powerful infusion of media-image advice. The cadence of his speech-making seems to be in conscious imitation of Kennedy's speaking style. On the campaign trail, he jokes freely, and is much less self-conscious than previously. At the party dinner in Milwaukee, Mondale, listening to a speech by Anthony Earl, pounded the table and threw his head back in laughter—the kind of just-us-folks reaction voters find so appealing in Ronald Reagan.

IN THE PAST, MONDALE WAS OFTEN UNPLEASANTLY stern with his employees, and, as a result, his staff suffered from low morale and a high turnover. For some time, he would go out of his way to enter his Senate office by a side door to avoid having to say hello to aides. This aloofness has lately disappeared, and his staff has stabilized. Johnson has been with him for ten years; Moe, for longer, having been Mondale's administrative assistant in the Senate. David Aaron, one of his foreign-policy advisers, was a Senate aide and then Zbigniew Brzezinski's deputy on the National Security Council; Michael Berman, his vice-presidential counsel, continues to handle his legal affairs. The only recent arrival to his inner staff is Lawrence Hansen, who was administrative assistant to Senator Adlai Stevenson until Stevenson left to run for governor of Illinois; Hansen is doing most of the campaign follow-up work for Mondale, serving as his Edwin Meese.

The years out of political office have been as kind to most of these men, presidential-aides-in-waiting, as they have been to Mondale. Moe and Berman, both attorneys, moved easily to law firms, as did Burt Carp, Mondale's domestic-policy specialist in the Senate, who worked under Stuart Eizenstat in the White House. For the non-lawyers, finding work has not been so simple. Johnson, for example, opened a consulting firm, called Public Strategies, along with Richard Holbrooke, an assistant secretary of state under Carter, formerly an editor of the magazine *Foreign Policy*, and a consummate Washington insider. Public Strategies has sold "strategic advice on public-policy issues" to a variety of corporate clients, Johnson says, among them Cummins Engine, Dreyfus, Beatrice Foods, and Columbia Pictures. Johnson admits that he doesn't spend all of his time with the firm. Apparently, the main service his clients seek is access to Johnson, for if Mondale wins, Johnson will be the next presidential chief of staff. The Public Strategies office is on the premises of Winston & Strawn and adjoins Mondale's. This physical proximity, if nothing else, gives Johnson primacy among Mondale's aides.

Another non-lawyer and Mondale loyalist, Paul Jensen, also found himself without a job when Carter lost. Jensen responded by putting together a small think-tank, the National Policy Exchange, with Mondale on its board. In the manner of the new high-technology information industry, the National Policy Exchange does not generate ideas; it "exchanges" them among their sources.

All of the members of Mondale's inner circle are, to some extent, helping to plan for 1984. Although the conventional wisdom holds that Mondale's connection with the disgraced Carter will be his biggest problem, Mondale's staff has already all but dismissed the question. A wave of nostalgia for Carter is not likely, but Mondale's aides assume that in another year the memory of Carter's record will no longer be fresh. (When Kennedy praised Carter in his Philadelphia mini-convention speech, he received, surprisingly, sustained applause.) And there is a practical consid-

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eration: polls show that voters know Mondale's name but don't connect it with Carter's. "The low public regard for Vice Presidents turns out to be a real plus here," says one of Mondale's aides. If Mondale makes it to the convention in a strong position, Carter could be important. The trends of shifting population will favor the South at the 1984 convention. There is no guarantee that Carter could deliver the South to Mondale, but he might be a major influence.

Another faction Mondale has his sights on is the homosexual vote. The 1984 election, according to many political strategists, will mark the emergence of homosexuals as an important force in national politics. Homosexuals tend to be middle- or upper-class; they have money to contribute, they follow politics, and a large percentage of them vote. "There must be 3 or 4 million of them out there," says Mondale, referring to homosexuals whom he believes can be relied on to vote as a bloc for whichever candidate wins their favor. Mondale is the early leader in that regard, having recently been the keynote speaker at a dinner sponsored by the Human Rights Campaign Fund, a lobby for homosexual causes. Mondale has also met with Dan Bradley, who used to be the head of the Legal Services Corporation and who, since announcing his homosexuality in a *New York Times* article, has become the nation's most celebrated gay person. Obviously, this is a risky strategy; it could backfire on Mondale in the South and in blue-collar areas. Mondale has told political allies, "The trick is to say you're against discrimination without endorsing their life-style." For the record, he claims that his Human Rights Campaign Fund speech objecting to discrimination against homosexuals and others had no political purpose. "It's just a statement of philosophy I've wanted to make for some time," he says.

THE ENDORSEMENT THAT REALLY COUNTS, HOWEVER, is that of the AFL-CIO. In recent years, labor and the Democratic Party have been on the outs. In 1972, many labor unions refused to support McGovern, because of his anti-war views. In 1976 and 1980, labor backing for Carter was lukewarm at best. Labor has never been fond of southern landowners, and Carter's prudish persona spoiled his relations with labor leadership. Traditionally, the AFL-CIO has not endorsed a candidate until the two parties have made their choices, and during the McGovern campaign it endorsed no one at all, leaving union locals to decide for themselves. This time, however—mainly in a bid to make organized labor once again a major political force—the federation says it will endorse one of the Democrats very early.

Mondale has an excellent chance at that endorsement. He is emotionally linked to the last Democrat to capture labor's allegiance, Hubert Humphrey; he has a pro-labor background in a pro-labor state; he is at ease with labor leaders. "If it hadn't been for Mondale, Carter couldn't have won in 1976—he's our kind of guy," says Michael Brennan, chief lobbyist for the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers, an AFL-CIO affiliate. This labor connection is, to Mondale, both a blessing and a curse—for it makes him more likely to become President, but might stand in the way of his being the President the country needs.

In Huntington Park, California, this past October, Mondale stood outside a Bethlehem Steel plant, a plant about to close for good. It was the very day unemployment figures had gone over 10 percent for the first time since the Depression (an announcement that many Democrats looked forward to eagerly). When the Huntington Park plant closed, more than a thousand steelworkers would be out of work. Several hundred of them had come to Mondale's rally. They hooted and cheered as Mondale condemned Bethlehem management for pulling out, condemned management for failing to invest, condemned management for paying itself too much, condemned U.S. Steel for buying Marathon, and continued with a long list of union grievances against management. As he spoke, a Union Pacific freight train passed on the rail spur directly behind him. On its flatbed cars were hundreds of new pickup trucks, their tailgates pointed toward the assembly, each boldly stamped TOYOTA.

Bethlehem says that it offered to keep the plant open if it received wage concessions. Whether or not the plant would have survived even then is a question. Such wage cuts might have been worth a try, however. Steelworkers average $23.50 an hour in wages and benefits. The locals are not allowed to offer wage concessions, and the national headquarters refused. Wilfred Anderson, Jr., president of the union local, told me that he had offered to cut back jobs to keep the plant running, but admitted, after considerable prodding, that his final offer was a cut of twenty workers. At this writing, the plant was scheduled to close in December of 1982; now, instead of earning something less than $23.50 an hour, its workers will have been earning nothing at all.

At no point during Mondale's speech did he suggest, even obliquely, that workers might share any part of the blame. I asked Mondale about that—asked if the world economy hadn't changed to such an extent that U.S. steel mills, which compete with Japanese mills paying $10 an hour and South Korean mills paying $3, simply couldn't pay $23.50 an hour any longer, any more than International Harvester should have paid McCardell $600,000. Mondale launched into a dissertation on management's offenses against workers, many of which, of course, were real and grievous, but he would not answer the question. I asked again if it wasn't better for workers to stay on their jobs at lower wages—steelworkers' wages could be cut in half and still they would make more than most other U.S. manufacturing workers—than to lose their jobs altogether. Again he dodged the question, saying only that labor "might put something into the pot" if management's attitudes changed. I asked if "something" was money, and he repeat-

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ed his previous statement. Mondale would not say, even in the most roundabout way, that unions should shoulder so much as a small share of the responsibility for the country's economic condition. He is as devoted to the ideological premises of labor as Reagan seems to be to those of big business. A month before, in September of last year, Mondale had addressed a convention of the United Steelworkers of America in Atlantic City, and, as at Huntington Park, he said only what those in attendance wanted to hear. He did say, however, that "we've got to push our productivity up." I mentioned to Mondale that productivity could mean more output by fewer workers. Again he changed the subject.

IT IS NO SURPRISE THAT MONDALE SHOULD BE AFRAID to criticize a group that could make or break his presidential bid. The question is, is his blind spot about labor so severe that it would keep him from being a good President? His infrastructure-repair plans, which ask considerable sacrifice of taxpayers but nothing of labor, indicate that this might be the case. Another disturbing sign is his stand on education.

Mondale is calling for a strict back-to-basics emphasis in curriculum, an indication that he has freed himself of at least one conventional liberal doctrine; the U.S. cannot hope for a booming high-technology industry, something Mondale and all the Democrats say they foresee, when fewer than half of U.S. public schools require more than a year of science or math for a high school diploma. That situation is, in large part, a product of the liberal drive to make school "relevant," a cause that Mondale championed in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Mondale says that liberals were wrong to care about "access" to the exclusion of excellence. There is evidence that he believed this all along: all of his children attended expensive private schools. Among his prescriptions for "excellence" now, the chief one seems to be more spending, especially to pay higher salaries to teachers.

I suggested to Mondale that if one thing about public education can be known for certain, it is that more money does not guarantee better performance. In the past twenty years, public expenditures on education have risen 515 percent, a rate far ahead of inflation; classroom loads have fallen from an average of 25.6 pupils to an average of 18.9; teacher salaries have soared. Yet nearly every level of achievement has fallen. A recent study by James S. Coleman, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, who in the 1960s produced the most persuasive statistical case for school busing, argues that inner-city Catholic and private schools are doing a better job of educating children even though their classes are much larger, their teachers are paid $5,000 a year less, on average, and they have virtually none of the expensive audio-visual aids that are common in public schools. There is, of course, an important difference between public and private schools: the teachers in most public schools are union members. In unionized schools, firing a bad teacher has become all but impossible; Philadelphia, for instance, has fired twenty-four of its 13,000 teachers over the past six years (meaning that it has kept as competent teachers 99.82 percent), and each firing has taken, on an average, two years to accomplish.

Mondale refuses to place any blame for the schools' condition at the unions' doors. He complains of lack of public respect for teachers, and says, "Good people won't go into teaching today." In truth, good people can't get into teaching today, even if they want to. With unions having made it effectively impossible to fire bad teachers, and most school systems laying off teachers because of declining enrollments, there are very few teaching jobs to be had. The higher salaries that Mondale advocates, if offered, would simply be a windfall to present holders of teaching jobs.

While in the White House, Mondale was a force behind the establishment of the Department of Education, which was created almost entirely as a gift to the largest teachers' union, the National Education Association. (He has another close tie. The NEA is a client of James Johnson's consulting firm.) The NEA has fashioned itself into one of the country's most effective political forces. It supplied 10 percent of the delegates and alternates to the 1980 Democratic Convention—by far the largest bloc—and may supply an equal share in 1984. It contributed $1.2 million to congressional candidates—316 Democrats and eighteen Republicans—this past fall. Public-school teachers, like other government employees, make especially strong-willed lobbyists, since when they vote they are electing their employers. Among the NEA's paramount concerns are higher teacher salaries and non-accountability. (While issuing the obligatory statements about "excellence," the NEA furiously opposes all teacher-competency testing.) Mondale has shown no willingness to challenge the teachers' self-interest, and it's hard to see how American public education can improve until some leader does. This would not be an easy task, by any means. But if the President is afraid to attempt it, who will?

THERE IS ONE ISSUE ON WHICH ALL THE DEMOcratic contenders refuse to challenge voter self-interest, and that is the entitlements programs, such as Social Security and Medicare. At Gannon College, a small school in western Pennsylvania, Mondale spoke to an older audience about entitlements. He did not, to his credit, try to frighten his listeners, as House Majority Leader Thomas P. O'Neill, of Massachusetts, and other Democratic congressional leaders have been doing, but he roundly endorsed the continuation of all Social Security and health benefits, and also made a plea for more nursing-home benefits, all to copious applause.

Democrats like to justify entitlements as programs of

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compassion for the downtrodden, and to some extent, of course, they are. But their primary constituency is the middle class. Entitlements programs will cost the federal government $362 billion this year, half the federal budget, and of that huge sum, only one sixth is "means tested," or related to the recipient's needs. Most entitlements are delivered whether needed or not; $10 billion in Social Security checks will go this year to households with incomes greater than $25,000 (more than will be spent on the *entire* Aid to Families with Dependent Children program, which is targeted to the neediest). Looking around the hall at Gannon College, I saw many anxious faces—older people who were upset and worried, impossible not to sympathize with. But I didn't see anyone who looked destitute. It was a middle-class audience in every respect; and the Democrats—with their insistence on maintaining all entitlements and with their desire to protect labor unions, which represent the upper strata of best-paid, oldest, and most secure workers—may become in 1984 solely the party of the middle class. The Republicans having lived up to their reputation, since 1980, as the party of the upper class, that leaves the needy—the poor, the unemployed, the ill-educated—as an abstraction to both sides.

Because, as of this writing, the report of a presidential commission on the Social Security system is due soon, most of the Democrats are using that as a reason not to comment on the system's problems. Mondale believes that its financial difficulties are temporary and will straighten themselves out by 1986; he does not add that four consecutive years of scheduled payroll-tax increases will be the means of that correction. He opposes benefit cuts for anyone, and also opposes taxing Social Security benefits, which, though it sounds circular, is the simplest remedy yet proposed for reclaiming entitlements subsidies from the well-off. "Social Security benefits are a matter of right, regardless of income," he says, adding, "I don't consider $25,000 a year a lot." (Only 12 percent of Americans earn $25,000 or more a year; they are, in other words, at the top of the middle class.) Though Mondale says that the "universality" of Social Security must never change, he does not advocate making the system truly universal, by admitting government workers, who have a superior, heavily subsidized retirement program (to which taxpayers contribute $3.30 for every dollar contributed by government employees). The only Democratic contender who has expressed reservations about federal entitlements programs is Glenn. Unfortunately, he is in an awkward position to object. Though he is a millionaire, he takes $13,000 a year in military pensions, money that he clearly does not need.

On issues where there is no self-interested voting bloc, however, Mondale has adopted stands that depart from liberal dogma; his re-education campaign, though it may have been initiated mainly for its public-relations value, nevertheless has had an effect on his beliefs. He opposes plea bargaining for those accused of violent offenses, favors construction of new prisons, and favors security guards in inner-city schools. All these positions are anathema to conventional liberals. (It's useful to recall that, not long ago, liberals opposed sodium-vapor streetlights, because they considered "crime prevention" a racist code phrase.) On defense, he emphasizes the need to build up conventional rather than nuclear forces. Noting the curious near-delight that officials in the Reagan Administration seem to take in describing American weakness, he says, "There's no reason to be frantic about our defense posture." But, perhaps in order to counterbalance his endorsement of the nuclear freeze, and to avoid the classic liberal problem of appearing to be "soft on defense," he accepts nearly every Pentagon weapons request except those for more warheads. "High technology is the cornerstone of our defense," he says, and he claims to be undisturbed by the evidence of complex weapons that don't work. He favors a strict hospital cost-containment bill and a shift to health-maintenance plans (in which profits are made by keeping people well and minimizing the services they need) and thinks these could reduce the federal budget by $7 billion. Here, at least, he seems ready to oppose one interest group—the medical profession—by restricting the rate at which hospital charges to Medicare may increase.

In the end, what may make Mondale most attractive as a President to voters is the fact that he does not call out vindictiveness or anger in them. Each of our recent Presidents has been elected mainly by running against something. Nixon was the anti-liberal candidate, Carter the anti-insider candidate, Reagan the anti-government candidate. And each of these Presidents operated his administration in "anti" fashion, practically announcing, from the moment of taking office, that there were whole segments of American life that he would refuse to acknowledge. Mondale, with his background in old-time coalition politics, isn't like that. If there can be a President who is able to inspire a purposeful cooperation among industry, labor, and government, Mondale might prove to be one, but to succeed, he must be willing to say no to his supporters in organized labor, as Reagan should be willing to say no to the wealthy. Washington today is like a commodity-traders' pit, where whoever shouts the loudest gets the next deal, and at everyone else's expense. Can Mondale or any other candidate, of either party, rise above constituency politics and govern? The need is clear. Replacing a President who favors one side with a President who favors another will surely serve some interests but not the national interest. □

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IN THE FORTIES

A Photographic Portfolio

INTRODUCTION
BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

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ONE SUNDAY EVENING DURING WORLD WAR I, an infantry private at Camp Dix, New Jersey, wrote a long letter to his sister back home in Montrose, Colorado, describing his trip across the country in a troop train. The private's name was Roy Stryker, and he wrote on Army-Navy YMCA stationery, patriotically obeying an injunction printed at the bottom of each sheet to use both sides of the paper.

"We have had a very fine trip," he wrote. "We left Cody at 2:00 PM last Tuesday and arrived here last night (Saturday) or rather this morning about 3:00 AM. We came across N.M., Texas (the Panhandle), Okla., Kansas, Mo., Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania. We stopped for a short time in Kansas City, Chicago, Fort Wayne, Ind., Pittsburgh, Altoona, Pa., Harrisburg, and we came through Philadelphia some time during the night. It was a most interesting trip for a westerner, one who has been raised in the west and knows no other place."

He went on with the details at some length, and it is possible, reading the letter today, to discern in the young private the presence of a particular eye. He seems to have formed in his mind an overall picture of America, coupled with an instinct for the specific visual cues that could best express what he felt. He was patriotic and sentimental, but also practical. He was drawn to simple, strong images of the country, but these could just as easily be industrial images as pastoral ones. The conflict between agriculture and technology seems not to have occurred to him, judging from the letter.

"Eastern Kansas held my attention," he wrote at one point. "Rolling country, straw stacks, strips of trees fringing the creeks, cornfields, and occasionally the spire of the little country church with its cluster of white red-roofed houses about it. The whole country basked in the mellow sunshine and I know that these peaceful scenes made more than one of the boys quiet and thoughtful." It is hard to imagine a more deeply rural sensibility. But later in the trip, in Illinois, he seems just as stirred by the strength and clamor of machinery: "Our train stopped in the yards at Joliet across the river from the American Steel Wire Mills and such an ovation as we received and believe me it was appreciated from the shrill little toot of the steam shovel to the deep siren of the main plant. Screaming urchins with flags poured from the rows of smoke dimmed houses quickly recognizing the car loads of 'Khaki.'"

Full of brave resolve, he ended: "I would have liked to [have] dropped in home today and enjoyed a Sunday at home. But a man can't allow his mind to stray when he is in the Army—there is one thing for all of us and that is over there." Having gone, and come home, Roy Stryker enrolled at Columbia University, became an economics instructor there, and, eventually, arrived at the odd position that allowed him to supervise the taking of the pictures on these pages. They come from a vast and ambitious photographic portrait of the country during and just after World War II, assigned and edited by Stryker in a way that brought out what he had seen and felt as a young man riding on a train to World War I.

As an instructor at Columbia in the 1920s, Stryker became an assistant to and protégé of Rexford Guy Tugwell, the New Deal brain truster. Stryker had begun to rely heavily on the use of photographs to teach economics, and when Franklin Roosevelt called Tugwell down to Washington as assistant secretary of agriculture, Tugwell brought Stryker along, placed him in a division of the Agriculture Department called the Resettlement Administration (soon to be renamed the Farm Security Administration), and charged him with producing photographic evidence of the rural poverty of the Depression.

Stryker hired a group of young, socially conscious photographers and sent them out on the road—among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, Ben Shahn, Arthur Rothstein, and Carl Mydans—and they came back with a huge and sober body of work. The project was successful on three levels. First, the pictures were effective propaganda for the New Deal.

Nicholas Lemann is the executive editor of Texas Monthly. *His book* Out of the Forties—*photographs from the Standard Oil of New Jersey Collection, and reporting about the people in the photographs—will be published in April by Texas Monthly Press. An exhibition of photographs from the Standard Oil Collection begins this month at the Amon Carter Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas.*

Previous page: J.C. Green and family outside service station in Brown Summit, North Carolina. Son-in-law, in uniform, is the son of A.G. Wyrick, a neighboring farmer; he is home on furlough in time to help with planting the tobacco and harvesting the grain, 1944

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Second, they provided the controlling image of the Depression that most Americans hold in their minds even now. Pictures such as Lange's of a Dust Bowl mother and Evans's of bleached wooden small-town buildings rise above, say, Henry Fonda playing Tom Joad, or FDR speaking into a radio microphone, as the truest pictorial expression of those times. Finally, the FSA photographs have come to be regarded as works of art, and as such are the subject of several books, and (this would have horrified Stryker) are sold to the affluent and stylish by art galleries.

In 1943, Stryker left the government to work for Standard Oil of New Jersey (now called Exxon), which at that time was even less well loved than usual because it had just been tried and found not guilty on charges of war collaboration with I.G. Farben, the German chemical company. His job at Standard Oil was similar to what it had been at the FSA: to hire photographers to document the activities of Standard Oil in a way that would help create an influential and benign image for the company among both the general public and its employees.

Naturally, there was some question whether he had forsaken his principles; people who knew him answer by saying that by that time photographic documentation was a higher principle for him than New Deal politics. Standard Oil offered him the chance to mount a project much grander than the one he had run at the FSA. He could cover the world. He stayed at Standard Oil until 1950, when the project had begun to be scaled down because the company's polling showed that its image was improving only slightly. He then moved to Pittsburgh to teach and to assemble photographs at the University of Pittsburgh and for several private employers. He died in 1975, at the age of eighty-two.

The Standard Oil of New Jersey Collection now resides in the University of Louisville's Photographic Archives, and contains 85,000 photographs, from which the selection on the following pages has been drawn. The collection stands as perhaps the best portrayal of the middle and late 1940s in existence in any medium. The photographs show, first of all, the global operations of the world's largest company, with special emphasis on industrial plants. In fulfilling just that one purpose, they depict the loneliest reaches of the Rocky Mountains, placid towns in the South and Midwest, Rockefeller Center in New York City, and many examples of what was then high technology. There are pictures of Americans working in colonial splendor in Saudi Arabia, Venezuela, and other oil-producing countries which precisely convey the emotional background of OPEC's economic policies. And then there are photographs whose relation to Standard Oil is tangential in the extreme: street scenes of Paris and Rome and New York and Cushing, Oklahoma; riverboats on the Ohio and the Mississippi; New England fishermen, Texas cowboys, southern plantation workers, midwestern farmers; people in their living rooms, in the town café, and at their work. The only obvious bias in the collection is one toward photographs of people at the middle of the economic spectrum and below.

The photographers who took the pictures—a long list that includes Esther Bubley, Russell Lee, Harold Corsini, Edwin and Louise Rosskam, Gordon Parks, Todd Webb, John Vachon, John Collier, Jr., Berenice Abbott, Sol Libsohn, Charlotte Brooks, and Elliott Erwitt—all worked for Stryker as freelancers, and most of their assignments had some connection to a Standard Oil in-house publication. But there was flexi-bility. A story for the Standard magazine, *The Lamp*, could be about *users* of the company's products (that is, anybody) or the environs of a company plant, and, in addition, Stryker was able to send photographers returning from abroad to shoot a roll or two at the New York docks, a favorite subject of his. Photographs from the project were made available to text-book publishers and to commercial magazines whose interests were far broader than the company's; once, a man writing about cloud formations who asked Standard Oil for help with illustrations was quickly provided with everything he needed from the incidental work of the Stryker project.

Quite often photographs convey to people looking at them years later a message that is different from what was intended at the time, but the Standard Oil pictures remain interesting for exactly the reasons that, as far as can be determined, they interested Stryker in the first

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place. They show a nation resolutely going about its business, living in the broad area between want and luxury, its roots still in the soil and the hamlet but by now enormously mighty as well. "Stryker was interested in the little details of American life," says Sally Forbes, who was his assistant during the best years of the Standard Oil project and now runs a small theater in Brooklyn. "He had white, flowing, curly hair and talked a mile a minute and was very vital and rigorous. He talked *so* fast. He always tried to tell the photographers what to do. He was a harsh critic. He was rigid. He hardly approved of anything, but he loved America. He loved it passionately, like an immigrant. As far as a born American who loved his country, I've never found anybody so profoundly devoted."

LOOKING AT THE PICTURES IN THE STANDARD OIL COLlection today, it is impossible to escape the feeling that a lesson must be contained in them. The moment they capture most vividly, immediately after World War II, is still easily within our collective memory, and it stands out as a watershed, the end of a long bad time and the beginning of a time of great confidence, prosperity, and change. The social and economic revolutions of the period make a familiar litany—affluence, the baby boom, the suburbs; the end of the war, the onward march of science, the rise to dominance of large organizations—but that doesn't make them any less significant. In 1946, the median income in the United States was under $2,800, only 8,000 households had television sets, and 12.5 percent of people of college age went to college. The commercial airlines flew 12 million passengers a year, as against 300 million today. Nearly a fifth of the population still lived on farms. The national consumer debt was less than a fortieth of what it is today. The ordinary life of Americans was just at the edge of a complete making over.

One can certainly see some of the evidence in these pictures: the kitchens barren of appliances, the kids without shoes. But there is an emotional richness to the pictures that is greater than a simple document of economic and social change would produce. They exert a complicated pull on us: they at once tap a reservoir of deep feelings about their time and create a curiosity about whether those feelings are consistent with the real life the pictures show so plainly.

Most Americans who were alive then, and especially those who are members of the opinion-making class, tend to regard the late forties as a peak moment in American history, a time of greater national power and nobility of purpose than now, and a time that, in the realm of everyday life, was better for being simpler. This view has been passed on to the generation that wasn't alive then, through books and movies, through millions of conversations at the dinner table, through bosses reminiscing to their young employees. It is possible when seeing these pictures to experience a deep feeling that the forties were the good old days. Look at the soldier returned to his home town, or the family spending an evening in repose in the living room. There seems to have been a glue holding people together and making large national accomplishments possible.

On the other hand, look at the faces. They are faces you don't see much anymore, the urban ones immigrant-beefy, the rural ones sharecropper-worn, and even their moments of pleasure and repose seem to have come at a higher price than we are used to paying today. So a second possible reaction to the pictures is to wonder whether the passing of that time deserves to be the occasion for lament that it generally is today.

Wondering which response was the right one, and wanting in any case to establish a closer and more satisfactory connection with the pictures and so between their time and our time, I began to retrace the steps of the photographers who took them. Thirty-five years later, I followed Esther Bubley (who was not yet twenty-five when she took the photographs, and had just worked up to full photographer's status from an assistant's job in Stryker's lab at the FSA) to Tomball and Andrews, Texas, and to Linden, New Jersey. I followed Russell Lee (a former painter who had hung up his brushes and taken up photography, and had also worked on the FSA project) to the border agricultural area at the southern tip of Texas. I followed the husband-and-wife team of Ed and Louise Rosskam to Ba-

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ton Rouge, Louisiana, one of the stops on their long journey for the Standard Oil project down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Some of these places were the remotest outposts of American life when the pictures were taken, oil-drilling towns in the middle of nowhere, and some of them are still remote today. Nonetheless, as I began to track down the people in the pictures—cowboys and engineers and oilmen—I found that their lives had changed dramatically in almost every case. The pictures are skewed somewhat toward the oil-producing areas of the country, which have changed faster than other places, but even outside oil country the people in the pictures, or their children, were far more prosperous than they had been thirty-five years before. Many had gone to college, or had sent their children. Quite often they thought, as a general proposition, that American life had gone downhill since those days, but their own lives had always gotten better.

As they told the stories of their lives, something besides simple material betterment emerged strongly—the phenomenon popularly decried as the breakdown of authority. Like the nation's newspaper columnists and politicians, the people in the pictures often complained that institutions are no longer accorded respect; that people are impatient and self-indulgent these days; that figures of authority—Presidents, professors, clergymen, and the like—have lost much of their sway. But that was just an idea; much more immediately, the breakdown of authority meant changes in the way power was exerted over the people themselves, and there is hardly anything that matters more than that.

Rather than diminishing, which it never really does, authority had taken different forms for the people in the pictures. They had generally moved in a direction Max Weber described seventy-five years ago, from life under traditional forms of authority to life under rational ones. In the forties, they had lived under the dominion of the standards of a town, or of an all-powerful boss, or of a parent, or of their local church. In the intervening years the power of these people and institutions had severely declined, and in their place large national organizations, operating strictly according to elaborate rules, had become more important. Instead of the town, there was a suburb whose merchants, architects, and employers were all huge national concerns. Instead of the boss, there was a corporation, or a federally funded university. These big institutions functioned less according to personal whim and more according to broad principles. So big institutions, with their rational forms of authority, meant more personal freedom, not less, as is commonly thought; they meant the freedom that comes from not being under the rule of one person any longer.

One of the stories I heard was about a cowboy who was cuckolded by the rancher he worked for, but didn't dare leave his job. One was about a civil-rights rally in Louisiana that never took place, because in 1947 in rural Louisiana the people in charge didn't want segregation questioned and so it wasn't. One was about a farm worker who had spent forty years working for a kindly, gift-bestowing boss, but who nonetheless was pushing his children to find jobs with the telephone company or the government, because he felt it wasn't good to be under one man for so long. All these stories had in common that the people in them were personally subjugated in ways that they felt would be impossible today. To me they stood as proof that for many people, the changes after the end of World War II were a release from some kind of trap, and so a redemption of their dreams.

I don't present these people's experiences as evidence that nostalgia for the forties is misplaced. Such things are impossible to prove or disprove, and anyway, two seemingly opposing views of the meaning of these pictures are actually consistent with each other. What we sentimentally think of as changes for the worse since the forties and what the people I talked to experienced as changes for the better are in fact exactly the same changes. As Americans grew materially better off and personally freer, the old bonds of family and community grew weaker, and from that sprang an infinity of consequences that touched everyone. The pictures show nothing very important: boys mowing a lawn, girls sitting on a counter in a general store, three men standing in front of a car. But they have the power to suggest the finality with which the life of the nation changed in a generation. □

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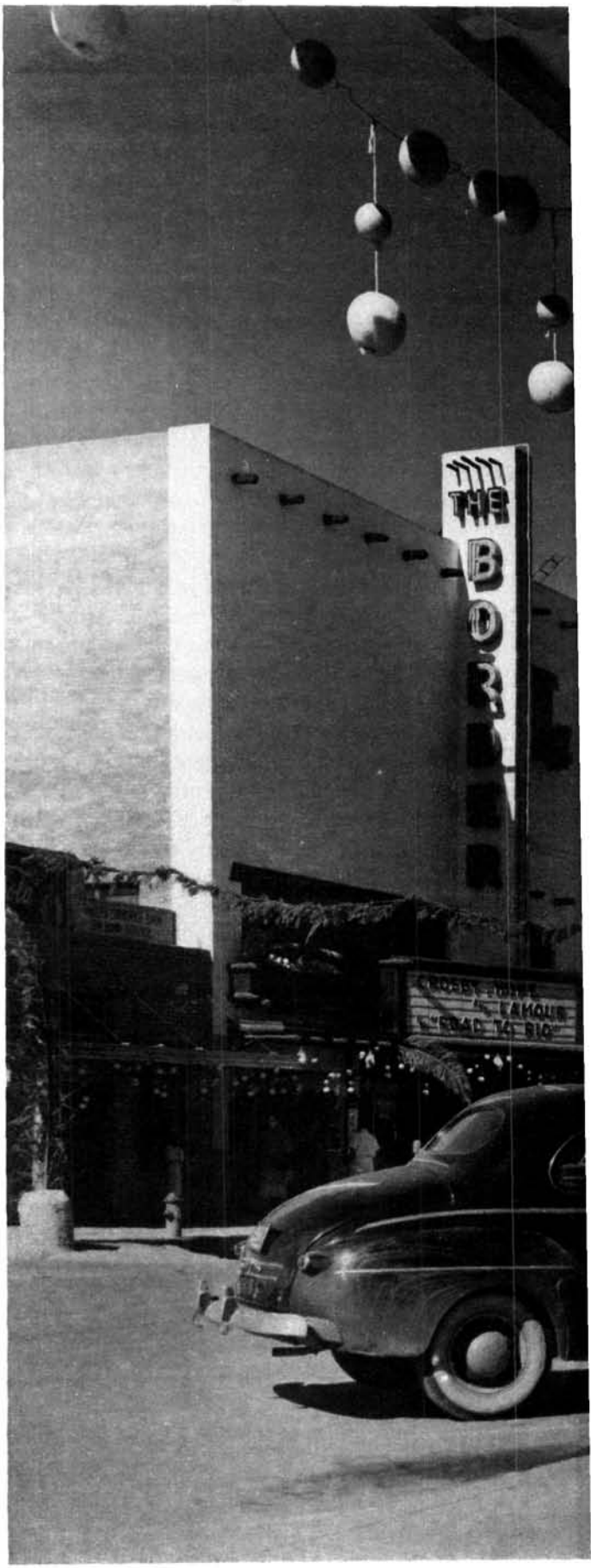
Above: The main street of Marlinton, West Virginia, 1947

Below: Salvation Army headquarters in Valley City, North Dakota, 1948

Right: Main street in Mission, Texas, decorated for a citrus fiesta, 1948



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Above: Business section of Houston, Texas, 1947

Left: Walnut Street in Philadelphia, 1947

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Above: Main street in Okarche, Oklahoma, 1949

Right: Public prayer meeting on Main Street in Tomball, Texas, on V-E Day, 1945

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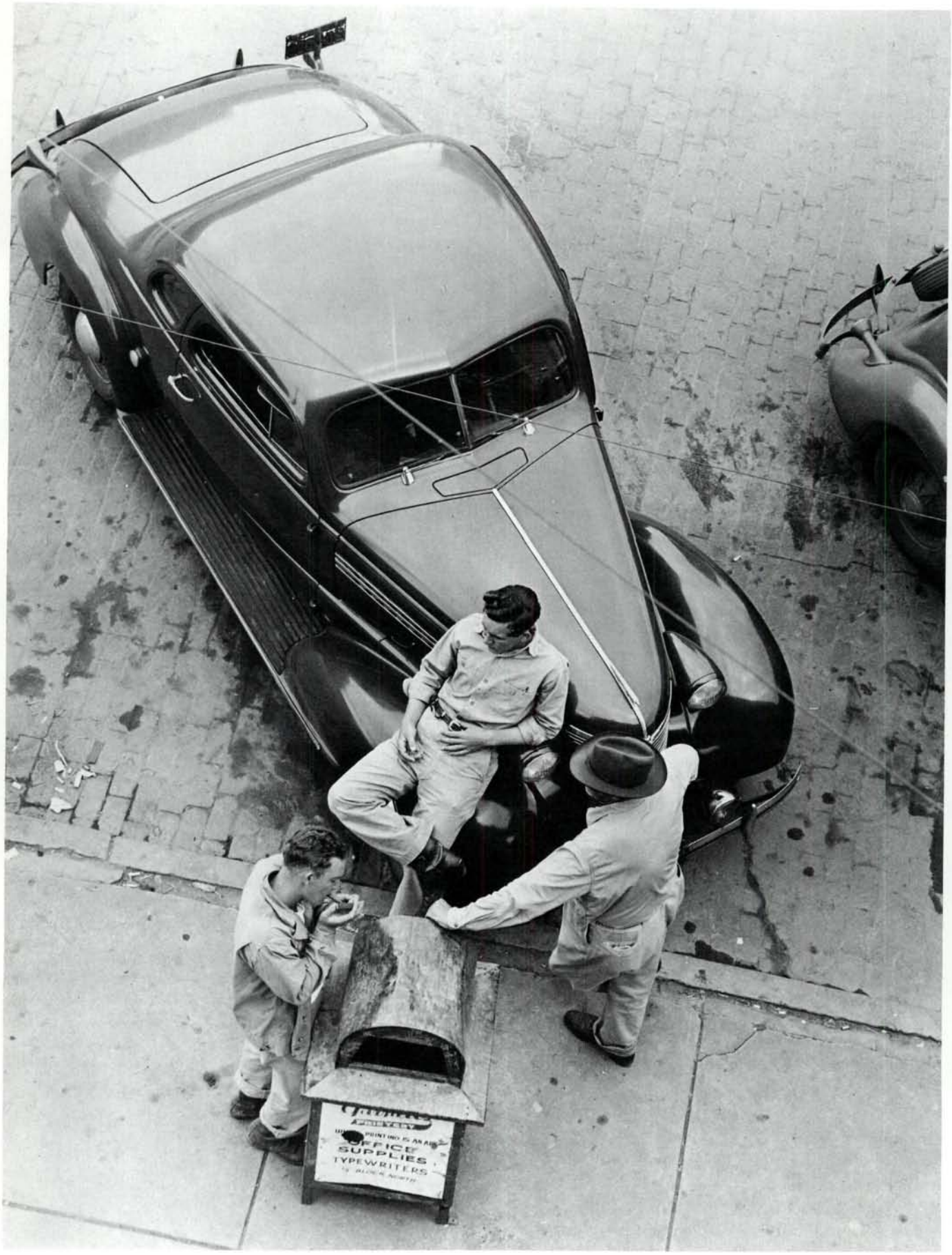

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Above: Walnut Street in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1945

Left: Children watching electric trains in downtown store window in Harlingen, Texas, 1947

Far left: A street in Cushing, Oklahoma, 1946

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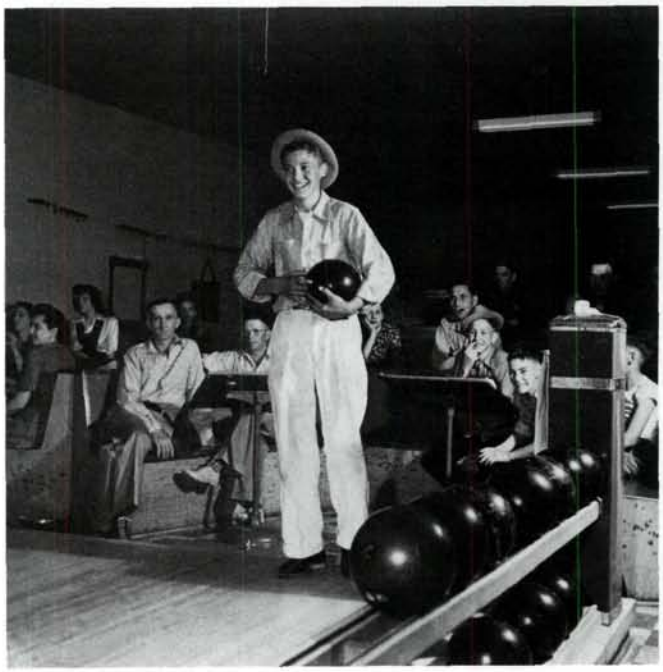

Above: Greyhound bus terminal, 245 West 50th Street, New York, 1947

Right: Bowling alley in Cut Bank, Montana, 1944

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Left: The City Cafe in Tomball, Texas, 1945

Below: Restaurant in the Hotel Irma, in Cody, Wyoming, 1944

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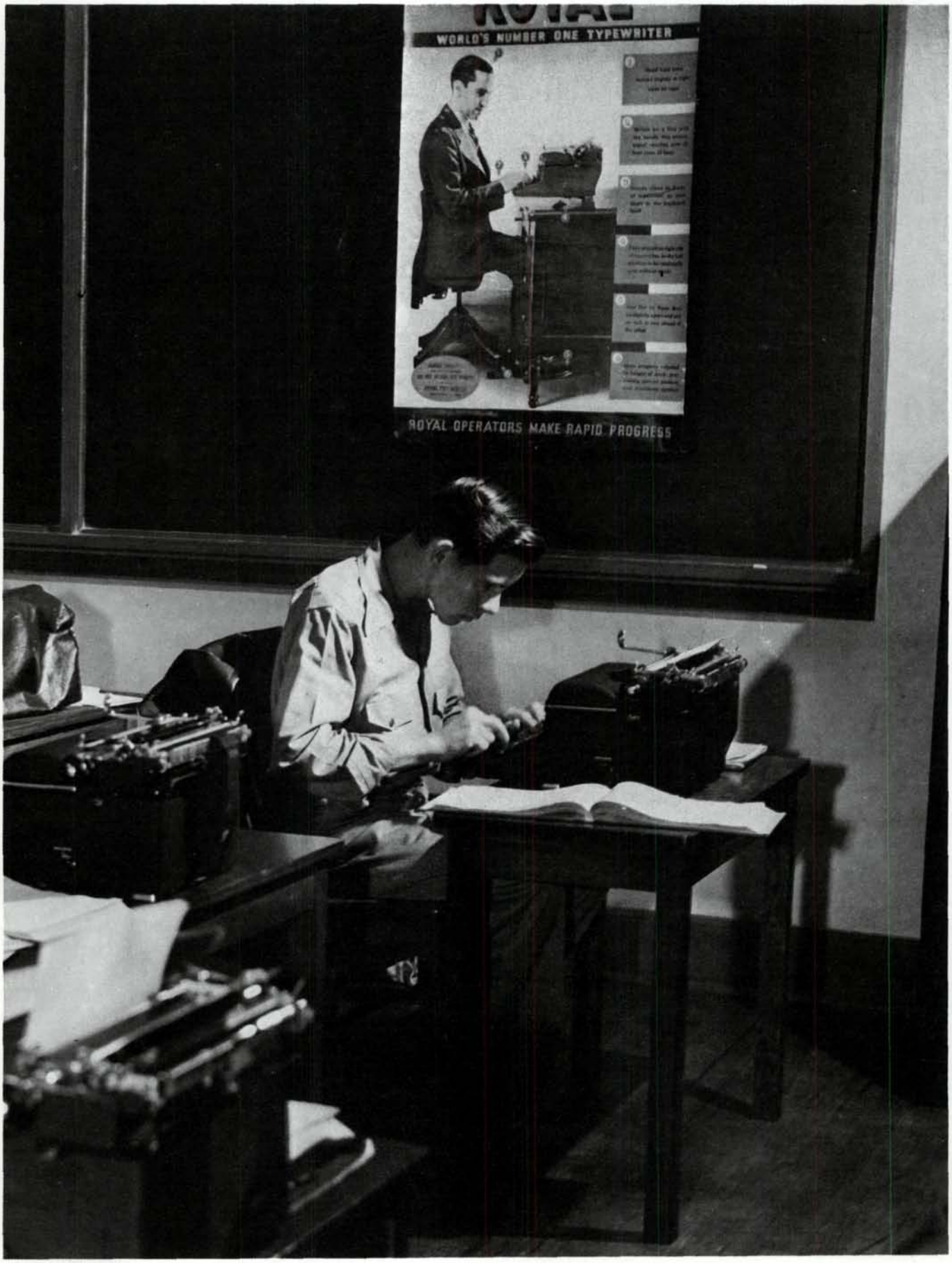

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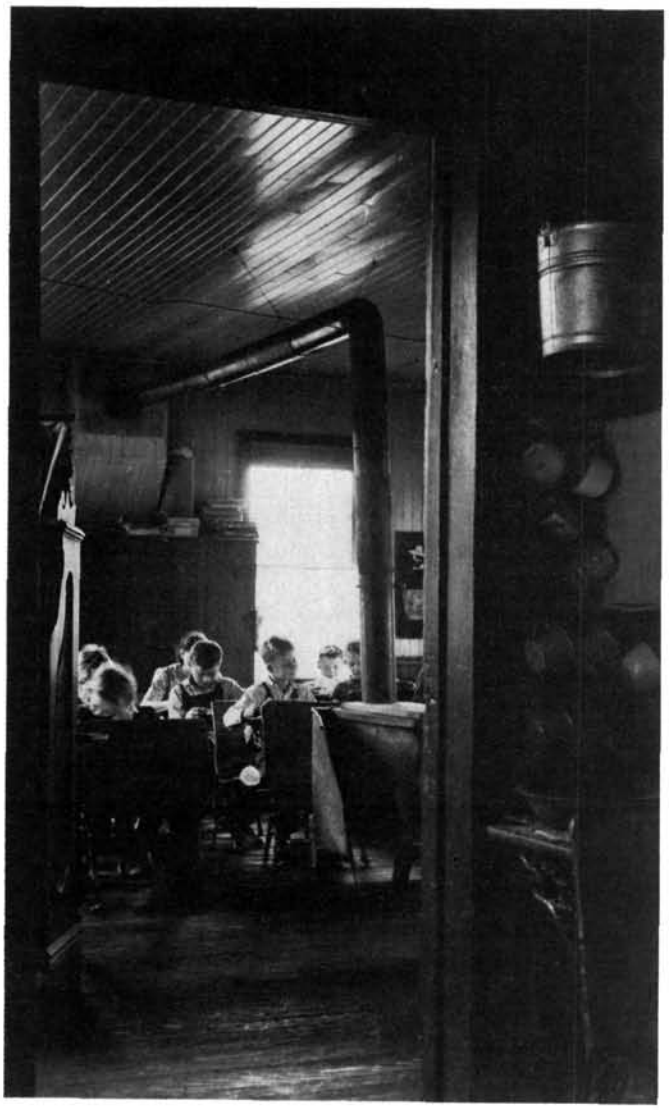

Above left: A meeting of the "study club" at the oil-camp recreation hall in Tomball, Texas, 1945

Above right: Men playing "moon," a game in which dominoes are used, in a pool hall in Tomball, 1945

Left: One-room schoolhouse in Bath, New York, 1945

Far left: High school typing class in Tomball, 1945

Overleaf: The Eldridge general store in Fayette County, Illinois, 1944

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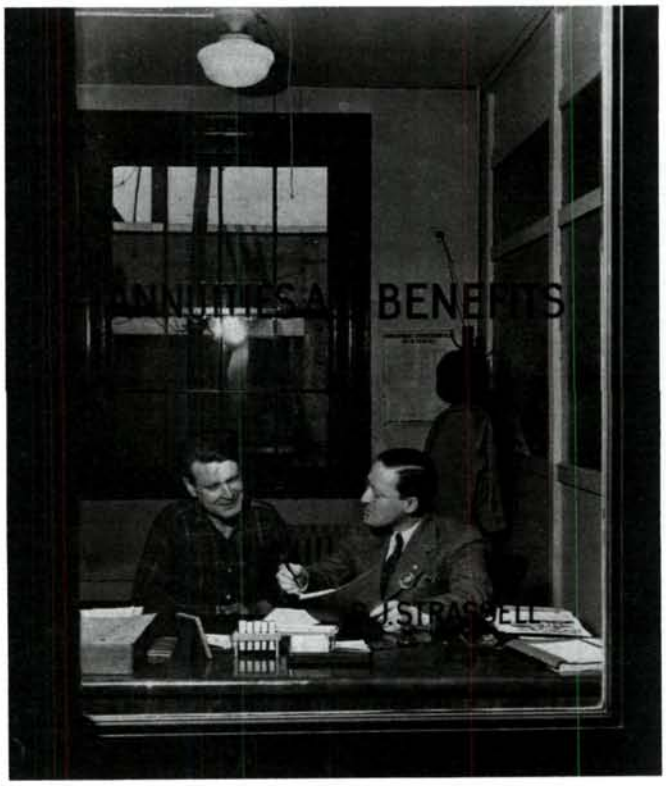

Above: Phyllis Gage, a librarian, at her desk in the Standard Oil Development Company library in Linden, New Jersey, 1948

Right: The personnel office at the Everett Refinery, in Everett, Massachusetts, 1944

Far right: Emmet Dreher, pump man at a refinery in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 1946

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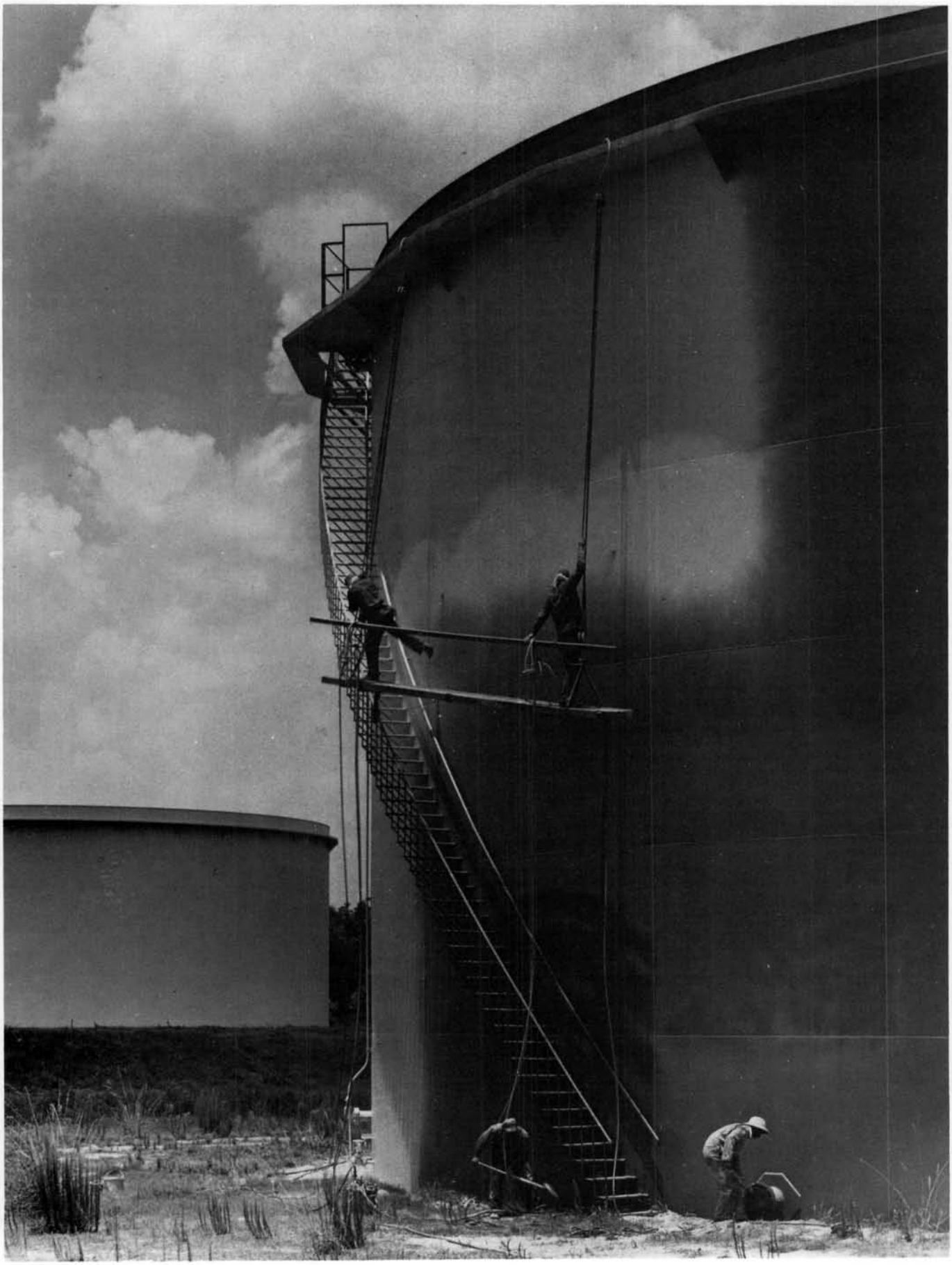

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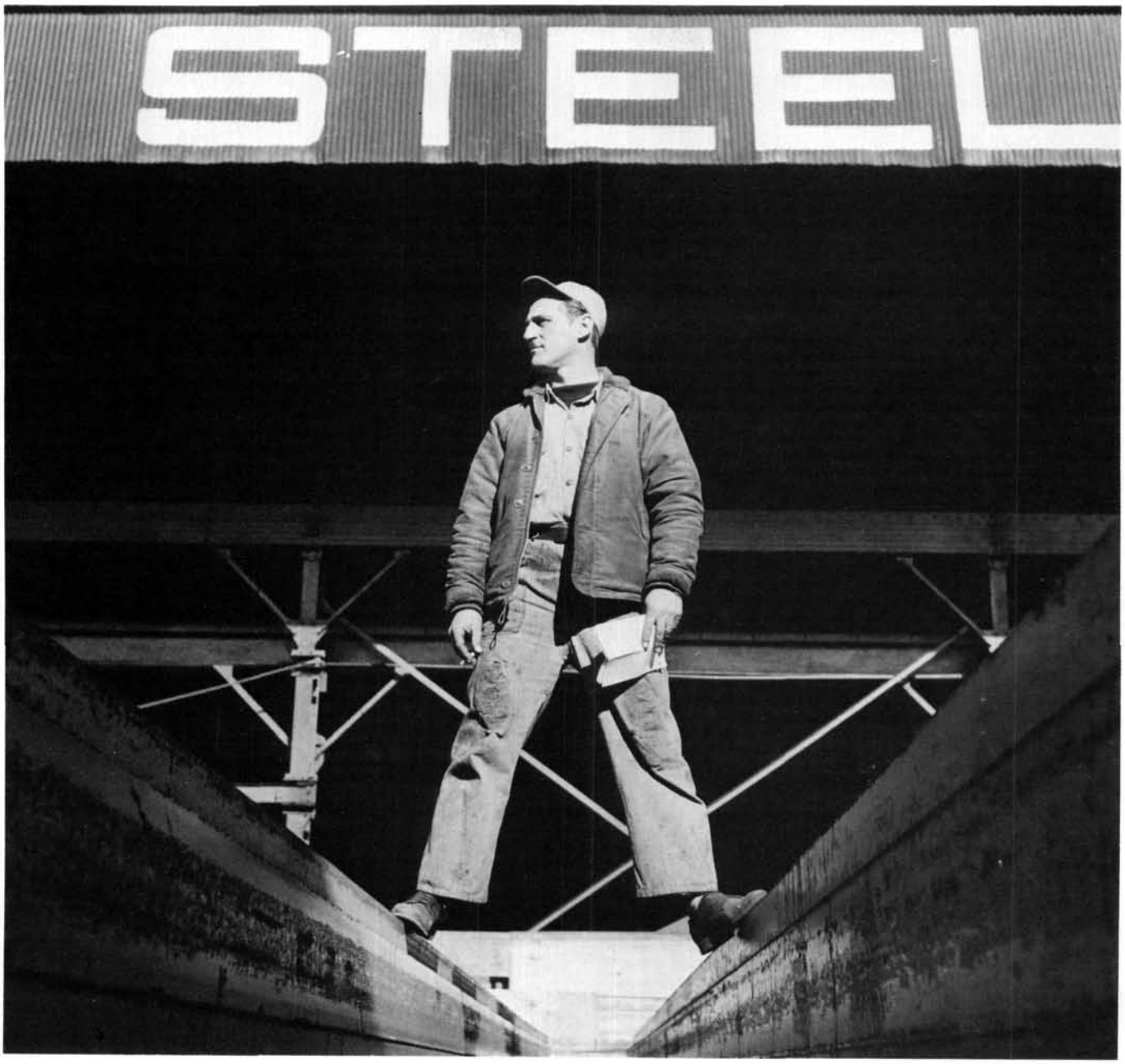

Above: Foreman at the Structural Steel Company, on the Harlem River, New York City, 1946

Left: Deckhands on the river towboat Jack Rathbone *in front of the deck tank on one of the barges in the tow, on the Mississippi River somewhere in Louisiana, 1943*

Far left: An 80,000-barrel oil tank in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, being spray-painted, 1944

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Right: Leonard and Herman Henderson, farm boys, Brown Summit, North Carolina, 1944

Below: Water boy on a sugar plantation near Plaquemine, Louisiana, 1947

Far right: A farmer in Bremen, Georgia, 1944

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Above: A housewife in Standard Oil's Bayou Sale camp for employees, in Louisiana, 1944

Below: Union Boulevard in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1945

Right: Elk Basin, Wyoming, 1944

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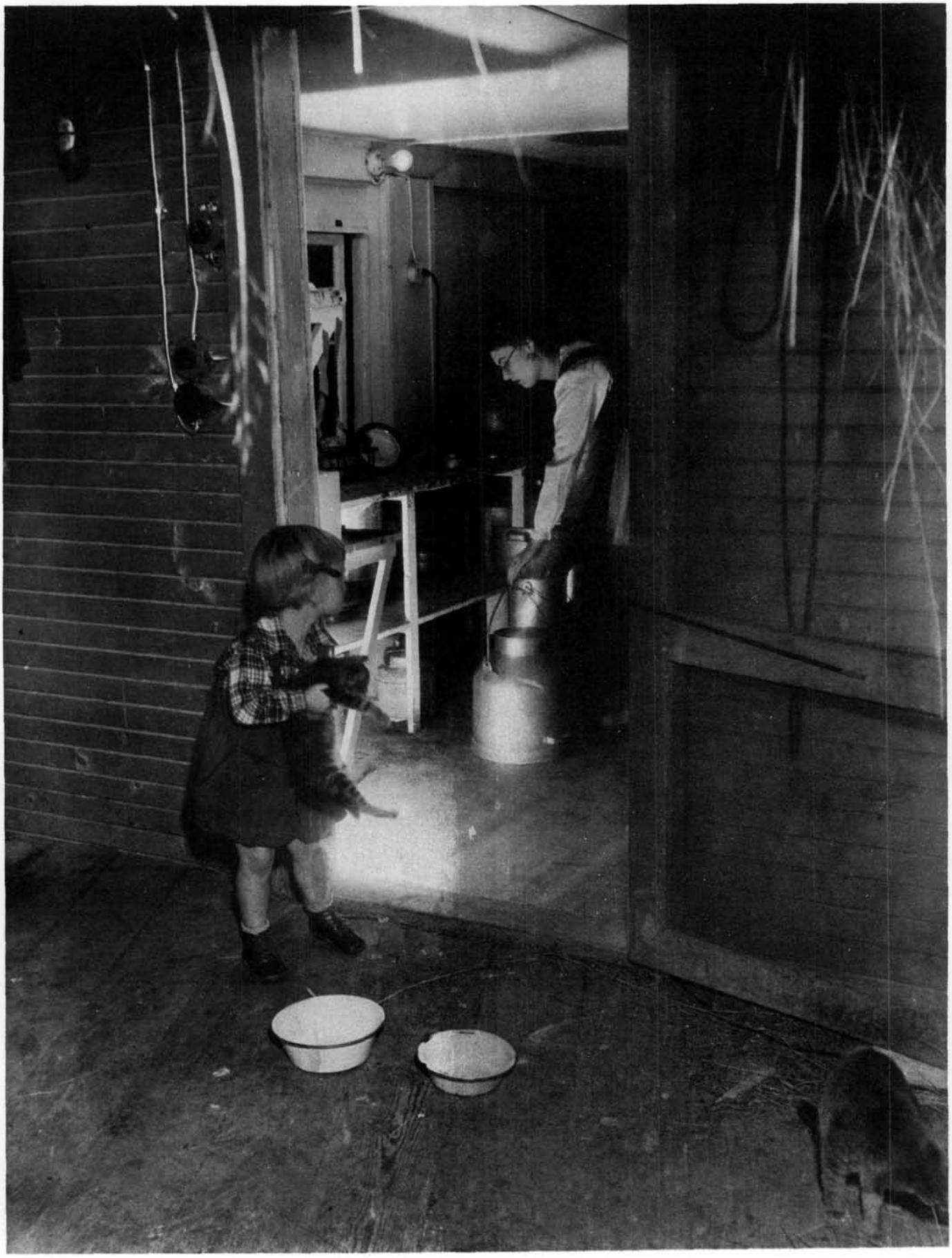

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Left: The kitchen of a towboat on the Mississippi River, 1945

Below: Mrs. H.W. Place, a farm wife, in her kitchen, in Green Spring, Virginia, 1947

Far left: Mrs. Hans Loeffler separates cream on family farm in Augusta, Maine, 1944

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Left: The Tanner family saying grace before dinner, at the Humble Oil camp for employees in Tomball, Texas, 1945

Above: Farmhands eating dinner after threshing wheat on the Shaughnessy farm in Warsaw, New York, 1945

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Right: Edward Schock and neighborhood children listening to Schock's eight-year-old daughter play the piano, in Elk Basin, Wyoming, 1944

Below: Noel and Emile Roper, just before being awakened for breakfast, in Bayou Sale, Louisiana, 1944

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Above: Captain Howard Garland, an Ohio River pilot, with his family in the living room of their house in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, 1946

Left: Mrs. Jesse S. Moore fixing her daughter's hair in Tomball, Texas, 1945

Overleaf: Art Sickler, a farmer, packing up chickens he bought at an auction in Canajoharie, New York, 1945

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THE AUTHOR OF *AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY* SKETCHES A BIRD, NOW EXTINCT

(Alexander Wilson, Wilmington, N.C., 1809)

When he walked through town, the wing-shot bird he'd hidden
Inside his coat began to cry like a baby,
High and plaintive and loud as the calls he'd heard
While hunting it in the woods, and goodwives stared
And scurried indoors to guard their own from harm.

And the innkeeper and the goodmen in the tavern
Asked him whether his child was sick, then laughed,
Slapped knees, and laughed as he unswaddled his prize,
His pride and burden: an ivory-billed woodpecker
As big as a crow, still wailing and squealing.

Upstairs, when he let it go in his workroom,
It fell silent at last. He told at dinner
How devoted masters of birds drawn from the life
Must gather their flocks around them with a rifle
And make them live forever inside books.

Later, he found his bedspread covered with plaster
And the bird clinging beside a hole in the wall
Clear through to already-splintered weatherboards
And the sky beyond. While he tied one of its legs
To a table-leg, it started wailing again

And went on wailing as if toward cypress groves
While the artist drew and tinted on fine vellum
Its red cockade, gray claws, and sepia eyes
From which a white wedge flowed to the lame wing
Like light flying and ended there in blackness.

He drew and studied for days, eating and dreaming
Fitfully through the dancing and loud drumming
Of an ivory bill that refused pecans and beetles,
Chestnuts and sweet-sour fruit of magnolias,
Riddling his table, slashing his fingers, wailing.

He watched it die, he said, with great regret.

—*David Wagoner*

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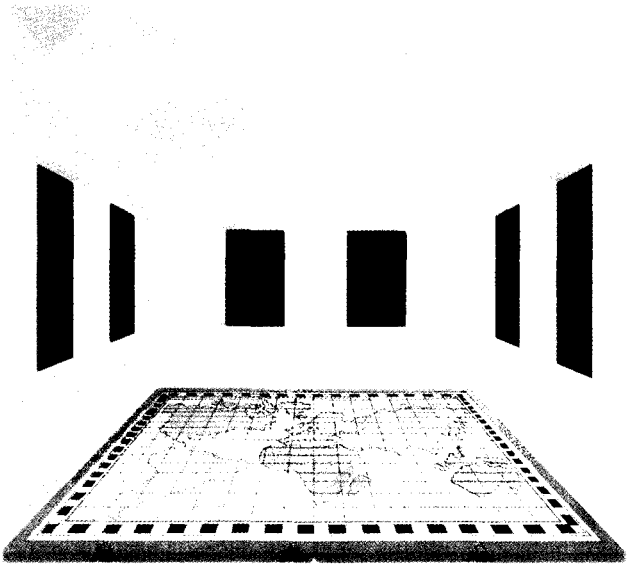

RISK

A SHORT STORY
BY CHARLES DICKINSON

OWEN IS THE HOST TONIGHT. WASHING GLASSES, HE flips them in the air until they are just winks in the light. Catching them again takes his breath away.

Frank is the first to arrive. Then Nolan. Frank wore dirty clothes that afternoon when he took his laundry down to the big machines in the basement of his apartment building; with the load in the washer, soap measured, and coins slotted, he added the clothes he was wearing and made the long walk back upstairs to his apartment naked. He paused to read the fine print on the fire extinguisher. Noises in the building set birds loose in his heart. Frank takes the red armies when they gather to play the game of world conquest.

They hear Alice arrive in a storm of gravel. She has moved herself stoned across twenty-two miles of back roads in just under twenty minutes. She lives with a man she has known for seven months, in a rented farmhouse on a hundred acres of land. The man is good with a garden and with his hands, a warm-hearted, full-bearded man who plays the banjo professionally, an amicable host when the game is at their house. He loves Alice, but still she meets another man on the sly. Half her appointments and reasons for being away from home are fabrications. This other man treats her like a child, making fun of her gaps of knowledge, hurting her feelings, which she perversely enjoys. It is a counterpoint to the sweet man at home. Alice plays black.

The world is arranged on Owen's kitchen table. A strong yellow light shines down through the night's first gauzy sheets of smoke. The game's six continents—North and South America, Africa, Asia, Europe, and Australia—are not entirely faithful to the earth's geography. Each continent is formed from territories, and between these territories war will soon be waged with armies and dice.

Owen pours Frank a beer. Owen hosts as often as possible; he would play three or four times a week if he could. The gathering of his friends soothes him and fills dark spaces in the house. The smoke softens edges. He tries to get Eileen, his wife, to play, but she refuses. She remains in the other rooms. None of the players press on this point of awkwardness.

Owen shuffles through the game cards, a glass of beer at his elbow, a cigarette in an ashtray. Alice comes into the kitchen and shades her glassy eyes. "Hi," she says.

"Speak for yourself," Frank says.

Nolan, who has arrived in a sour mood, says, "The nation's motorists are safe for a few hours."

Alice hangs her coat on the tree by the door. She takes her makings out of her purse and carefully arranges them by her place at the board.

"Wine in the fridge," Owen says. "I'll get it for you in a second." He shakes the white dice and throws them across the face of the world. A pair of fives and a six.

"Oo," Alice says. "Hot."

Charles Dickinson's short stories have appeared in The New Yorker *and* Esquire. *His first novel,* Waltz in Marathon, *will be published by Knopf next fall.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED MARCELLINO

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"I'll take that all night."

Frank asks, "Who's late again?"

Les is late again; he makes a point of it. He never offers to host, nor does he ever bring beer or food. He feels that his presence is sufficient. Les always rolls good dice. It is something he demands of himself. He wins more often than the other players. From early March to early December, he drives a 1,000-cc motorcycle without a helmet. The others allow him to continue to play despite his cheap habits because he is so good; to bar him would be cowardly. But Frank has dreamed of Les hitting ice on his cycle, his unprotected head bouncing sweetly on the highway.

Les and Pam arrive at the same time, though not together. Les's hair is swept back like Mercury's wings. Where Les is allowed to play because he is the best player, Pam, the worst, is invited back because she is so generous and so good-looking. She has large green eyes, long, curly, pale-red hair, and heavy breasts tucked into a loose sweater. She is usually the last to arrive and the first to lose all her armies and be eliminated. She has been playing for a year and still does not have a handle on the game. She tries to have a sense of humor about this. She always brings a large bag of pretzels and two six-packs of Dutch beer. She is always welcome. She plays pink.

Pam is in love with Nolan. She tries to catch his eye from across the room as she hands Owen her sack of food and beer. She has been with Nolan just that afternoon. It is stitched in her memory in dim light. The run through stinging branches to his basement, their time there, their almost being caught by his wife. They met at one of these gatherings and have known each other a year; Nolan's presence kept her coming back after she learned that she was not very good at the game and probably never would be. She liked his lean frame and dark blue eyes and the clever look his glasses gave him. But he is married, to a woman named Beth. Pam has met her once, a shy, tall woman with a plain face—she played the game a half-dozen times, even winning once.

Pam knew from the first she appealed to Nolan. She learned long ago that she appeals to most men. They had a cup of coffee out in the open, later a lunch in the shadows, then a drink that afternoon and a sly sneaking into his house from the rear basement door. She takes her seat at the table. Nolan won't look at her. Her head swims in dates and half-remembered cycles. She had thought she was between lovers and was using no contraception. Her calculations told her she was safe but she is not absolutely sure.

Getting settled, Owen shakes the dice, sips his beer, smokes, observes. Frank has his twenty red armies in five neat rows of four. Alice has rolled a joint thick as her little finger and touched a match lovingly to one twisted end. Blue smoke flows upward. A seed explodes and Pam jumps, laughs. Nolan grimaces.

Les counts out his twenty green armies. He is serene. The night, so clean and cold out on the highway, has purpose. He has won the previous two times they played. He smiles idly around at those soon to fall. He asks Owen, "Did you buy that stock I told you about?"

"I don't have the money, Les."

"Get it. I went in at 3½, and it's 7 already." He pauses to decline the joint Alice offers. "It's a great place for your money."

"I like banks," Frank says.

Les proclaims, "Banks are for suckers."

"They're insured," Frank says.

"So? You've got to go for the big return in this economy. Most people aren't chickenshit like you, Frank."

Owen, who as host strives for player equanimity, says mildly, "I still don't have the money."

Les shrugs. He can do only so much. He says, "Let's get this carnage under way."

TWO RED DICE GO AROUND THE TABLE, EACH PLAYER rolling to see who goes first. With six players, the world's forty-two territories will be divided evenly. But the player who starts will be the first to have three cards (a card earned each turn if a territory is conquered), which he or she might be able to cash for extra armies. Nolan's throw of ten is tops. Owen smiles and deals out the cards. They diverge from the rules in allotting territories. Each card represents a territory that a player will soon occupy with armies. Luck is involved, and time is saved. The players bring the cards up off the table, fan them in their hands, try to plot.

Les has been dealt New Guinea, and that is toehold enough for him on the continent of Australia. He deposits every available army there.

"A clear signal from down under," Nolan says. "Les is going for his continent early."

Les smiles beatifically.

Alice's seven territories are spread all over the world. She smokes her joint and studies her options. She knows that with six players, one or two will be eliminated early. A player without a firm base will be picked off a little at a time. Four of her territories are in Asia, which is much too large to try to hold as a continent. As she thinks, she feels herself float out of her seat, she feels her heels tap the chair seat as she rises clear. When she is on the ceiling, she lets out a laugh that is like taking on weight and drifts back down. Nobody witnessed her brief ascension. They are too engrossed in the coming war. She sips wine and comes to a decision. She doesn't like Les very much when they play, and she owns Siam. It is the doorway to Asia from Australia, which Les will inevitably control. She puts all her armies in Siam.

Les looks over at her. She loves it when she makes his eyes go mean and flat. Les has green eyes, not as green as the color he plays, but green like dirty dollar bills. His eyes are always so cool and rich and calculating. He expects to win; this attitude rankles Alice no end. He may win tonight, but first he will have to fight through her.

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Nolan has been splitting his armies between Central America and Greenland, preparatory to a run at North America. Seeing Alice's troop placement, he announces, "A bloodbath on the horizon in Siam."

Alice says, "I'm ready." Les drinks his wine.

"Les may want to invest in body bags," Frank says.

"I'm ready," Alice repeats.

Through all this, the only thing Owen hears is his wife moving in the room next to the kitchen. She has gone in there to get a book or the night's paper. She makes soft flutterings like a bird caught in the wall. He wishes she would come in, watch the game, have a glass of wine or a beer. An hour before the players arrived, they talked about having another baby. More than a year had passed, they were both in their early thirties, a better time would not arrive. But she could not give him an answer. Her willingness and her sadness remained locked together inside her.

Through the crack beneath the door he sees the light in the next room go out. He hears Eileen move deeper into the house, away from him; he thinks he hears her moving away long after the sounds have been hidden by the war around him.

Owen has Egypt, North Africa, and Madagascar, and he is delighted. He will soon control the continent of Africa. He won't be one of the first players eliminated, the host forced to sit and top off drinks and think.

Frank says cheerfully, "It's a gas to have the Middle East," and loads it full of his armies. He has nowhere else to go. His other armies are scattered in every continent, and worthless. He says, "The Middle East is the territory around which the world revolves."

"Frank's trying to sell himself a bill of goods," Les says.

"The poor jerk has nothing *but* the Middle East," Alice says.

Frank replies, "It's oily yet."

Pam owns Brazil and Venezuela, the doors in and out of the continent of South America. She divides her armies between the two territories.

"A bold move," Nolan announces. She looks to see if he is making fun of her, but his eyes trip away from hers.

The world is full of colored armies soon to contend. Nolan begins. After placing his three free armies, he attacks Les's lone army in the Northwest Territory, loses an army before advancing, then loses another getting Owen out of Alaska.

"It's never easy," Nolan says. But he now controls the three routes in and out of North America. He takes his card. The game moves to Frank.

"Am I in danger?" Owen asks.

"Possibly," Frank says. He puts his three free armies in the Middle East.

"Because I want to go to the john."

"I just want to go for a card," Frank replies.

Owen leaves the kitchen. Let them wait for him if he can't get a straight answer. Eileen is in their bedroom. She sits against the headboard reading; she looks up almost warily when her husband appears.

"Who's winning?" she asks.

"Just started. Why don't you come out and say hello? Have a little wine."

His wife shakes her head. Her hair is a thick caramel wave that runs in and out of the light like surf. Her face is delicate and oval-shaped. He reads in her eyes that she expects the worst possible news at any moment. "I'd have to get dressed all over again," she explains. She is ready for sleep, in a flannel nightgown buttoned up the front and tied with a ribbon at the base of her throat. He kisses this spot, then uses the bathroom before returning to the game. Making his way down the shadowed hall, he glances into his house's second bedroom, but forces himself to think about getting hold of Africa instead.

Frank has darted into Southern Europe, taken his card, regrouped back in the Middle East, and stopped. Les has taken Australia. His armies wait in a clot in Indonesia, across a strait of blue-green water from Alice's Siamese force.

"The world is taking shape," Owen notes.

"Les suggests everyone invest in philatelic devices," Frank says.

"They're illegal in this state," Alice says.

Owen says nothing. He won't sit down just yet; not until it is his turn. He is unable to lose himself in the game. This has never been a problem. Tonight, though, he is itchy.

While he gets wine and beer and opens Pam's pretzels and pours them into a bowl, hosting the event in all earnestness, Pam takes South America. She and Les have continents, though they are the two continents easiest to win and hold, and hence worth only two bonus armies per turn. Still, they are continents. Les and Pam won't drift rootless over the world.

Alice's three free armies go into Siam. She looks at Les, her left eyebrow cocked, a question asked. He meets her look blankly. She sees that he has pushed his anger down. His cash-green eyes have reclaimed their arrogance.

Not yet, she decides. She attacks Nolan in India for her card, then pulls back into Siam.

"Buy body bags," Frank urges one and all. "Buy stock in the Red Cross."

Now Owen takes his seat. "Who has hot dice?" he asks.

"Nobody, really," Nolan reports. "Still too early. I think Alice should go after Les before his heat up."

"Les suggests we invest in numismatic tools," Frank says.

Owen rolls the dice against Pam and takes the Congo. His armies advance down through South Africa and up into East Africa. Just like that, Africa is his. He is spread too thin to hold it, he supposes, but he has a continent.

Nolan's turn again, and he can't remember what he wants to do next. Beth's face swims up to him, fitted on Pam's lush body. He stirs in his seat and tries to concentrate. He must fortify North America. One minute he was

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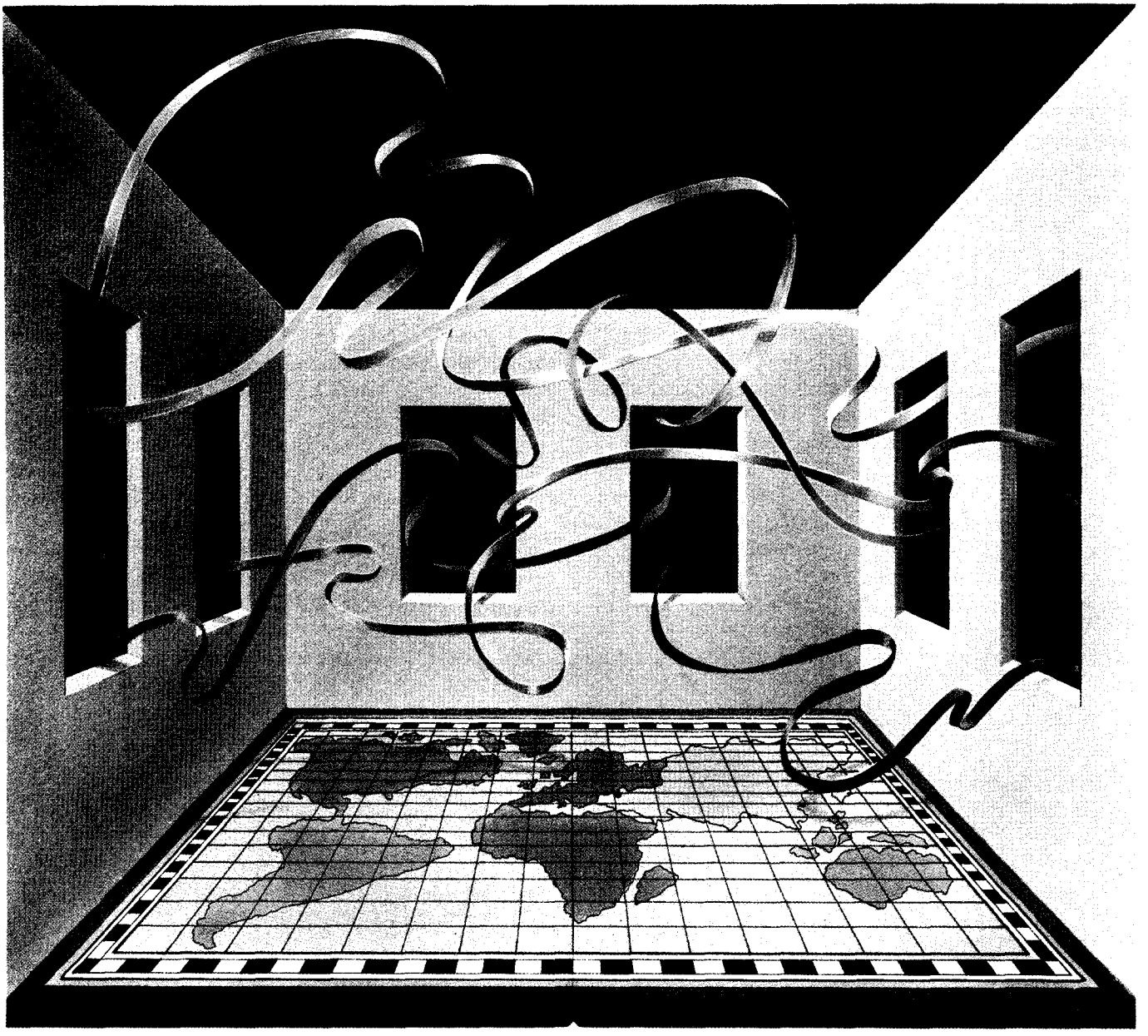

having a beer with Pam and the next he had come to this dangerous decision and they were parking her car a block over from his house. Cutting through the lawns, the darkening spaces between the houses, he could think only of the lack of cover. All the leaves were fallen; this was an affair meant for summer. He pulled the girl along by the hand. They went into the basement by the back door and undressed in the failing light. She tasted of flat beer when he kissed her for the first time. Chimes went off upstairs; he counted with them to five as he kissed her belly—an hour before Beth was due.

"Whose turn is it?" Les asks pointedly. Nolan's attention jerks back to the game. The world spreads before him. The girl keeps looking at him; she will give him away if she isn't careful. He is playing blue. Her sexual presence hit him the first time he saw her: a chemical lust. She never had to open her mouth. In fact, he preferred that she didn't. The peeling back of layers of existence that was life with Beth was never a factor with Pam. She was not very good at the game, and he knew nothing about her life otherwise. At their early meetings he filled the silent spaces talking about himself. He never thought about Beth at those times; she existed on a different plane. He found it remarkably easy to ask Pam to make that run to the basement with him. It would be the extent of what he wanted to know about her. Only when they were out in the open and on the run did it strike him what a wild chance he was taking.

And after they had been in the basement only twenty minutes, as they were finished and sitting in an awkward envelope of silence, a door opened above them and Beth's heels cracked smartly on the floor over their heads.

"Nolan," Les snarls, "it's too early in the game for such long thoughts."

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Frank says, "It will be the rumination of your soul."

Nolan looks at Pam, then his eyes fly past. She waited with him in his basement like a canny burglar. Her ripe body had become an unwieldy burden he must transfer out of there for his own safety. His wife moved about upstairs, and the sky outside darkened. Then they slipped out the basement door and back to her car. She drove him to where he had left his car. They did not say a word, moving on those dark streets, as though his wife might yet hear. He took deep breaths to calm himself. Leaving, he had looked back up at the house, and in the rectangle of light of the upstairs bedroom window he had thought he saw a woman looking out. But he had lost his glasses in the rush of adultery. He was flying blind. He had to be careful driving. At home he put on a spare pair and made a quick, surreptitious inspection of the basement. Nothing. No glasses. They were buried somewhere like a land mine. He might step on them at any moment and blow himself up. Beth, happy to see him, undressed and pulled him into bed with her. He said he didn't have time but she insisted; he noted no strangeness in her behavior, no knowledge of what he had done, of what he had become.

Owen gravely says, "As host, I'll have to rule you either move immediately, Nolan, or forfeit your turn."

Nolan slaps his three free armies down in Alaska. He conquers Les in Quebec from Greenland, then takes his card and sits back. Pam is a little disappointed. After such long consideration, she had expected something grand from Nolan.

"Bold," Les sneers.

"Jam it."

Frank drops more armies into the Middle East. Les says, "You can't let Owen keep Africa."

"Always fomenting trouble," Owen says good-naturedly. The possibility of attack hurries his blood, though. Frank moving on Egypt or East Africa is strategically sound. By the next turn, Owen will be better fortified. If he survives here, Africa will be his, probably for the entire game, with its three bonus armies per turn. Frank has the manpower at the moment and Owen's dice are rarely better than fair.

Frank attacks Owen in East Africa. Africa falls in six rolls of the dice. Les says, stirring more trouble, "You're poised to cut across North Africa and take South America away from Pam."

"No thanks," Frank says. Too many armies wait in North Africa and Brazil. There is nothing in it for him. "I am content, not contentious," he says, and moves half his force back into the Middle East.

Les shakes Alice's shoulder, pretending she has fallen

RELATIVITY

for Lotte Jacobi

As we go down in the dark the slight
Icy slope to the car, the grip of your hands
On my shoulders tells me you're right

Behind me and upright. I don't understand
Relativity, but forty-some years ago
You photographed Albert Einstein, and

Today I saw his soft eyes, below
The fine accumulation of his hair,
Random, gentle, abstract hair, as though

His thought like pipesmoke issued on the air;
I saw his sailboat drifting, his violin
Waiting his hands. And always I felt you there,

Younger than I am now you must have been,
Holding your camera as if you took a friend
By the shoulders to show him something you'd seen.

If the universe is a slope all things descend,
If the speed of light is the only absolute,
What every atom dreams of as its end,

On this icy path, if I should slip, would we shoot
Like lasers into the dark, a double star?
Old hands on my shoulders, be my parachute,

Help me go slow. And so we reach the car,
Waiting to take us wherever we're headed tonight,
And laughing, say to each other, "Here we are!"

—C. W. Pratt

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asleep. "You with us?" he asks in a loud voice. "Enough brain cells still alive to finish the game?"

She purses her lips as if to kiss and blows blue smoke in his face.

"I am ready," she says carefully, from the ceiling. These three words falling down to Les pull her after them like anchors. She wraps her leg around a leg of the table for balance and the table leg convulses. Les shrieks theatrically, "God! She's trying to get me sexually aroused so I'll go easy on her in Siam. But it won't work!"

He untangles his leg from Alice's. She grabs the table edge lest she float away again. A balloon of nausea rises in her. She puts her hand to her mouth and concentrates.

"Looking pale," Les says to the others, pointing at Alice.

"No fair throwing up on the world," Frank warns. "If you don't like your situation, be a man and live with it."

Les puts three armies in Indonesia, two in the Ukraine. He decides he is in no hurry. Let things build. He rolls the dice and there is a six. He gets a card from another point on the globe.

"Uh-oh," Frank says.

"Very efficient use of that six."

"Thank you," Les says modestly.

Alice smiles at them all. "It's early yet."

THE WORLD COMES TO OWEN AND IT GOES AWAY. HE is a fine host, and breaks out corn chips and roast beef sandwiches, empties ashtrays, opens beers, pours wine. He spills liquids into the oceans and across the plains of Asia. The players groan and protest. A whale dives in the Mid-Atlantic. To the south, a tall ship moves under sail. He excuses himself. The light is out in their bedroom. It is 1 A.M., and Eileen sleeps in blankets wrapped tight as a premium cigar.

He passes the second bedroom going back and decides to go in. The crib had been dismantled right away. Even a year later the four indentations remain in the carpet where the casters pressed, stake holes for a precise parcel of ground. The baby had been so weightless, and home for such a short time; he is always amazed that she could mark the room so indelibly.

A night-light remains in the wall socket. His wife might have overlooked it when she was clearing out the room. She might have been afraid to look down. He kneels by it and snaps it on. A mouse's head, a glowing white face, round black ears, cartoon rodent eyes; it's kind of unnerving. The head of a tiny ghost floating above the floor. Not the sort of thing for a baby girl. Had she been scared to death?

Owen returns to the game. Without Africa he is nothing, and the game has become a chore. He will be eliminated soon. Frank is gone already. Les took him out with the force he built in the Ukraine, using this secondary force to win cards and let some of the steam out of the situation brewing between Siam and Indonesia. Frank waited too long to take this Ukraine army seriously, and now he has gone outside; nobody knows what has happened to him.

Pam is pinned in South America. Owen's last armies block her in North Africa. Nolan has a major force in Central America. He will march on her in Venezuela.

The bloodbath between Alice and Les approaches. "You've got to come through me pretty soon," Alice taunts. "Nolan's getting too strong."

"This is a fact," Owen says. He desires resolution of this conflict so he can send his guests away.

The door opens and Frank is back.

"Where you been?"

"Standing naked in the dark," Frank replies.

No one pays any attention. Nolan is attacking Pam. He goes after her in Venezuela because it is the sound move at that point in the game, and also because he wants her gone. She usually leaves after she has been eliminated. Nights past, he was sorry to see her go. Now she embarrasses him. He expects her to slip up or start crying. She keeps looking at him.

Nolan rolls the dice and Pam waits. If he would look at her they might reach some understanding, but his eyes are fixed to that spot on the board where her dice will fall.

"Come on, come on," he says impatiently.

She rolls and loses two armies. Alice says, "Don't let him badger you."

"It's okay," Pam says softly. She thinks she will cry. Everything is wrong.

"Would you roll the dice?" he asks sharply.

She flings the dice across the board. She keeps them in sight through filmed eyes and sees sixes come up, which on closer inspection are really fours. Her tears make the pits shiver and drift. But fours are enough to win a pair of armies from Nolan, who rolls nothing higher than a three.

"Get him," Alice cheers.

But they are only dice; only Les has learned to tap their souls. Nolan's superior forces pick implacably away at Pam. Her armies fall like threads in a garment until they are all gone and she feels naked and stupid. Out of the game again. She turns her cards over to Nolan. He cashes them for extra armies and moves without a word against Owen in North Africa. Pam watches this action blankly. She could open her mouth and tell everyone of the time she spent with Nolan in the recent past. She wields this knowledge like an ax on her tongue and is larger within herself for not using it.

She takes her empty glass and washes it out in the sink. At her back, Nolan eliminates Owen.

"You'll pardon me if I don't stay for the end," she says.

Owen stands, wipes his palms on his trousers. "I don't blame you for leaving," he says. "I'm bored myself."

"The pitiable whine of the previously conquered," Les observes dryly.

Owen smiles and takes Pam's coat off the tree and helps her into it. He walks her out to her car.

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"Thanks for coming," he says. He likes being outside, away from the smoke and the bloodlust. The white gravel of his driveway gleams. The air feels like it wants to snow. He takes Pam's keys gallantly, and after she shows him the one, he unlocks her car door. Owen leans in and kisses her good-night. She hands him a pair of glasses.

"They belong to the guy playing blue," she says. "I saw him downtown today and we had coffee together and he left them with me by mistake."

These words break over Owen in a rush; he can only say, "Okay."

He stays outside after Pam is gone. Nolan's car is unlocked; he puts the glasses on the dash. He has no interest in the truth of their coming into Pam's possession. He returns to his house through the front door. He hears the voices of the players in the kitchen, the labored buzz of an old digital clock turning a minute over. Through the dark passages of the house, moving with a freedom bestowed by his guests' believing he is still outside, Owen glides into the bedroom. His wife lies wrapped and asleep. He understands now why the night's game offered him nothing; it was an event out of order of importance. Eileen comes half awake at the way he pulls the covers and makes a space for himself in this loose, warm cylinder. He gets her nightgown unbuttoned and untied and fights through the clumsy hands she throws in his path. He plants a long kiss on her sour mouth. She utters a word into his own mouth that he ignores. She will kill his desire if he lets her.

"Where are your friends?" she whispers, warm in his ear.

"In the kitchen. The world will fall soon."

"You aren't being a good host." He is stirred unimaginably to hear teasing in her voice. Her hands have opened against his back.

"They think I'm outside," he whispers. "This way, I can be two places at once."

She kisses him on the neck. They move on together, Owen careful of dark chasms of memory he must transport his wife over. She proceeds along a fine edge that her husband slowly widens.

LES SAYS, "SIAM FROM CHINA."

"Hand me the bones, please," Alice says. Frank gives her the white dice. "Like skulls," she says, "with twenty-one lance holes."

"Siam from China," Les repeats.

"Pincer movement," Nolan announces.

"Pinch her movement and she'll follow you anywhere," says Frank.

Les has moved his second force into China so he can attack Alice's Siamese armies from both north and south. He rolls dice the same way from first to last: three shakes of his left fist, then a gentle, coddling, tipping of the dice out onto the board, as though they might bruise. It is his secret that he treats the dice well so they will reciprocate. He once revealed this secret while drunk and voluble, and seven straight games of cold dice followed as punishment.

He beats on Alice from China: a softening action. Alice is poised for defeat. He can see in her slack face that she has had enough: enough grass, enough of their company, enough of this game. She is tired and anxious to go home.

"Where's Owen?" Nolan asks.

"He walked Pam to her car," Frank says.

"That was a half-hour ago."

"So?" Les asks, impatient at this break in his concentration. "Go look for him if you're so concerned. But shut up."

"Gee, Les, you're such a charming guy," Frank says.

"Eat it."

"Come on, Les," Alice complains. "Roll the dice. I wanna go home."

"The night is breaking up in a sea of bad juices," Frank says. "Why does it always have to be this way? Like love."

"Shut up, Frank."

Nolan is at the window, cupping hands around his eyes to see through the light reflected on the glass. Chrome winks from the handlebars of Les's motorcycle. He can see Alice's car, his car, Frank's car. Not Pam's car, though.

"They left together," he says.

"Who did?" Frank asks.

"Pam and Owen."

"No way," Alice says.

"Intriguing, though," Les admits.

"Her car is gone. So is Owen. You put it together."

"He's married," Frank says.

"Frank, you're such an innocent," Alice says.

Frank says, "And his wife's in the other room. Who'd have the nerve to go off with another woman under those conditions?"

Nolan says, "Maybe she's asleep. Maybe he figures she figures he's still out here. She never checks on him. Maybe he figured it was worth the gamble."

"Are we still playing?" Alice asks Les. He is startled; he has been thinking about Pam. The dice feel funny in his hand, as though the corners have been shaved fractionally, or the pits rearranged. They feel cool at being ignored in the midst of their performance for him. He is afraid to roll, and when he does it's all ones and twos. He rolls cold for the next five minutes, losing armies, losing confidence. In time his China force is wiped out, and Alice still exists firmly in Siam. Outnumbered, she nonetheless has the hot dice that ordinarily are his province, as though they have taken another lover. Fives and sixes roll languorously from her hand. Alice licks her lips, wide awake now. Hot dice get everyone's attention. Les awaits her exclamation of disbelief in her good fortune, which will drive the dice spitefully back to him. But it does not come. He loses armies in pairs. By and by, they are evenly matched, Siam and Indonesia, and Les stalls to count armies, trying to cool her dice this way.

Nolan says, "I feel uncomfortable without a host." He opens himself a fresh beer. He begins to look through bills

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that Owen keeps stacked on the counter next to the telephone.

"Jesus, Owen has $1,108 on his Visa," he informs the others.

"Stop that," Alice scolds.

Les likes this unexpected turn; Nolan's rude exploration has taken Alice's mind off the game.

"Many people are faced with serious and potentially catastrophic debt," Les says.

Nolan goes on. "A phone bill for $79.21."

"What if Owen comes back and finds you doing that?" Alice asks. When her head is turned away from Les, he blows gently toward the dice in her hand to cool them.

"He's with Pam," Nolan says. Saying this makes it a fact; makes him feel released.

"Roll the dice," Les orders. "I want to get out of here before daylight." He is certain that the dice have come back to him. Alice has lingered too long between throws. She has lost favor by ignoring the good fortune that the dice were eager to bestow. He reminds her, "I'm still attacking."

Alice rolls, thinking of Owen. He had telephoned her when the baby died, the phone seeming to explode with compressed tragedy in the middle of the night. To this day, she can't talk to Eileen without seeing grief encasing her like an invisible jar. Only lately has Alice seen her smile. Would Owen go off with Pam at just such a time?

Les wins two armies. Then two more.

Nolan says, "A bill for $177.44 from People's Gas."

Alice wishes Owen would return and discover Nolan and banish him forever. But the house is silent except for the click of dice. Maybe Owen *has* left with Pam; maybe it is the only response to this time in history. The man she meets on the sly is married to a sweet woman who he claims has nothing of interest to say. And Alice has never considered herself fascinating. The man she shares the farmhouse with had a marriage end years ago when he was caught in a hammock with another woman. She thinks this might make her safe, that he might understand if he ever catches her.

Les rolls and Alice falls. He was right; the dice have come back. When he clears her out of Siam, he still has ten armies in Indonesia. He takes the four cards Alice holds, and with the cards already in his hand cashes twice for forty-five armies, a huge green force he places with care to battle Nolan while his dice are running hot. It takes another hour to finish the game. The dice are at home in Les's loosely cupped fist and at two minutes to four o'clock in the morning he is the winner for the third consecutive time. Alice and Frank sit quietly and watch.

"Dear Les," Alice says, standing and stretching. "You do go on."

"And on . . . and on," Frank says. "Like a fungus." He shakes Les's hand. He folds Owen's board, puts the cards away, puts the armies in their containers.

Nolan asks, "Did Owen take his key?"

"I couldn't tell you," Les says.

"If we lock the door," Frank says, "and he has to knock to get in, we could be inadvertently exposing him to exposure. Or exposure. A guy like Owen could die of exposure."

"He should've thought of that," Nolan says.

"He can just say he forgot it," Les says. "He could say he went to breakfast after the game and forgot it."

Alice puts the wine in the refrigerator and washes out the glasses. They leave a small light on over the stove.

Birds stir outside, though it is still dark. The four of them stand, corners of a square, in the driveway.

"Somebody mentioned breakfast," Nolan says.

Frank pats his pockets. "I'm broke."

"I'll buy," Nolan says. "The vanquished will buy with the reparations they receive from the victors."

"Ha! You'll get nothing from me," Les says.

"I'll still buy."

"I think I'll pass," Alice says.

"You'll pass on a free meal?" Nolan asks.

"I don't feel so hot."

"Suit yourself," Frank says.

The other three turn from her and make their plans. She does not want to be alone just then, though a sleeping man who loves her awaits at the end of the drive home. Nolan and Frank start their cars and drive off and she is left standing there with Les. He sits astride his motorcycle, pulling on his gloves and watching her.

"Come with us," he urges.

She moves to his side. "I'm tired of Nolan and Frank." She kisses Les. "Can't we go somewhere?"

He laughs. "That might be difficult to explain. I've been coming and going at awfully odd hours. She thinks I play this game at all hours of the day and night."

"Coward."

OWEN IS AWAKENED BY LES'S MOTORCYCLE STARTing. Unwinding himself from Eileen, he feels her stir. She loops an arm around his waist when he sits up on the edge of the bed. His friends will be going for breakfast at this early hour. It is a tradition of the game. The night's war will be replayed. Stories will be told, rumors will be spread. Owen would love to go with them, but he doesn't dare. □

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FIRST ENCOUNTERS

GRETA GARBO AND JOHN BARRYMORE

He showed up at the studio early, and sober, an indication that he regarded *Grand Hotel* with less than his usual cynicism. It was January, 1932. Barrymore—a name synonymous with dashing grace and romance—was just turning fifty, and the role of the Baron von Geigern, a nobleman on the skids, was one he understood. He was less comfortable with the idea that Grusinskaya would be played by the beautiful but inscrutable Greta Garbo, aged twenty-six. Barrymore had never met Garbo. Garbo, by choice, never met anyone.

Hence his discomposure as he waited that morning. For the first time in his long career, he had drawn a leading lady whose following was greater than his own. She also made more money. She was reputed to be aloof, diffident, antisocial. The script called for them to fall in love at first sight, but how, damn it, did one make love—even screen love—to a misanthrope? Along with all that, she was apparently temperamental—nine o'clock had come and gone, and where was she?

She was, as he soon discovered, outside the entrance, where she had been waiting half an hour for him to arrive. She had wished to "honor the great Barrymore" by personally escorting him onto the set. He was touched; perhaps rumors were exaggerated. He met her halfway, raised her hand to his lips, looked into her eyes. The Baron von Barrymore, ageless, took over.

As filming proceeded, so did the relationship. "You are the most entrancing woman in the world," he would whisper when he sensed she felt insecure. She, in turn, was almost maternal—doctored his hangovers with her own concoction, and spent an entire lunch break rearranging a couch so that in the forthcoming love scene his celebrated left profile would be toward the camera.

Grand Hotel was their only movie together. Asked about her years later, Barrymore, usually the raconteur, elected to out-Garbo Garbo. "She is a fine lady and a great actress," he said, and paused. "And the rest is silence."

—*Nancy Caldwell Sorel*

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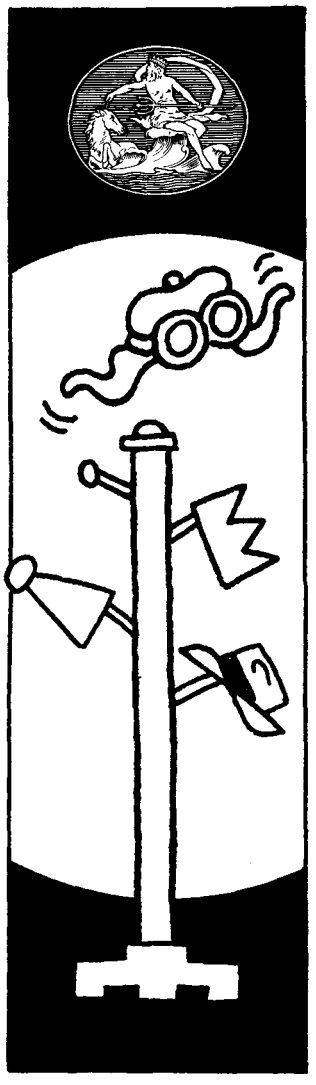
On Hats

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



CLOTHES ARE NOT my strong suit, but I do know this: public hanging ended in England because of the hat.

According to Richard D. Altick, in *Victorian Studies in Scarlet*, a German named Müller murdered an elderly man on a North London Railway train in 1864 and was convicted because he accidentally exchanged hats with the victim after a struggle. His own hat was found in the compartment, and he was presently discovered wearing the victim's—only with the crown cut down so as to eliminate the victim's name on the inside. Forthwith there sprang up a stylish hat, like a topper only half as tall, called the "Muller-cut-down." The crowd that gathered during the night before Müller's hanging was unruly. Several well-dressed congregants were "bonneted" (that is, had their hats pulled down over their faces), garroted, and robbed. Parliament was at last provoked to forbid public executions.

The hat. Our most resonant garment. According to *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro*, by Newbell Niles Puckett, American slaves (who had to believe in something other than America) believed: That if you put on another person's hat you'll get a headache unless you blow into the hat first; that it is bad luck to put your hat on inside out; that the bad luck promised by a rabbit's crossing the road ahead of you may be averted by putting your hat on backward; that if you desire eggs to hatch into roosters you should carry them to the nest in a man's hat; that a group of people was once crossing the fields at noon when they suddenly saw a whole house coming after them, which passed so close that it knocked off their hats, and neither hats nor house was seen again; that if you eat with your hat on you will not get enough.

And yet it seems to me that people these days wear hats lightly. People have somehow gotten hold of the notion that a hat is a fun topping. Nothing in this world makes a person who is not a cowboy look less like a cowboy than wearing a cowboy hat, and yet we have recently passed through a period when every third non-punk person in New York and Los Angeles was in for the full ten gallons.

Hey! You can't just walk around *wearing a cowboy hat.* I don't walk around wearing one, and I have herded cows. Somehow years ago I lost the tan felt cowboy hat I got (with the card inside that says "Like Hell It's Yours") at the White Front Store in Fort Worth. I wore it on working visits to a Texas cattle ranch to which I was then related by marriage. That hat and I were rained on twice, and the trained eye could discern traces of horse slobber on its brim and a touch of cow paddy (it can happen) on its crown. That hat fit me so well that—well, I'll tell you how well it fit me.

One evening a bunch of us were in the back of a pickup truck, hurtling through the night toward a mudhole to pull out a mired heifer. It was too dark for abandoned driving, but the driver, Herman Posey, got caught up in the holiday spirit pervading us visitors, and before we knew it he had us jouncing and plummeting, off the ground more than on it, over creek beds, armadillos, and cactus.

Bob Crittendon, the foreman, was with us in the back. He weighed a good deal more than 200 pounds and didn't find any charm in being jounced. He was busy yelling, "HERMAN, DAMN YOU, SLOW DOWN!"

And yet he took the time to mention, "Old Roy's the only one don't have to hold on to his hat."

And. Yet. I wouldn't wear that hat around town.

When I'm around town I don't want to be always *backing up* a hat. You might think it would back up that hat for me to tell that story about what Bob Crittendon said. But it wouldn't be the same as hearing Bob say it. To back up a cowboy hat you have to think of a remark of your own, like the one a man I know named Jimmy Crafton, in Nashville, thought of when a man picked his cowboy hat up off a bar and tried it on.

Crafton gave him a look.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BARSOTTI

Roy Blount is the author of One Fell Soup.

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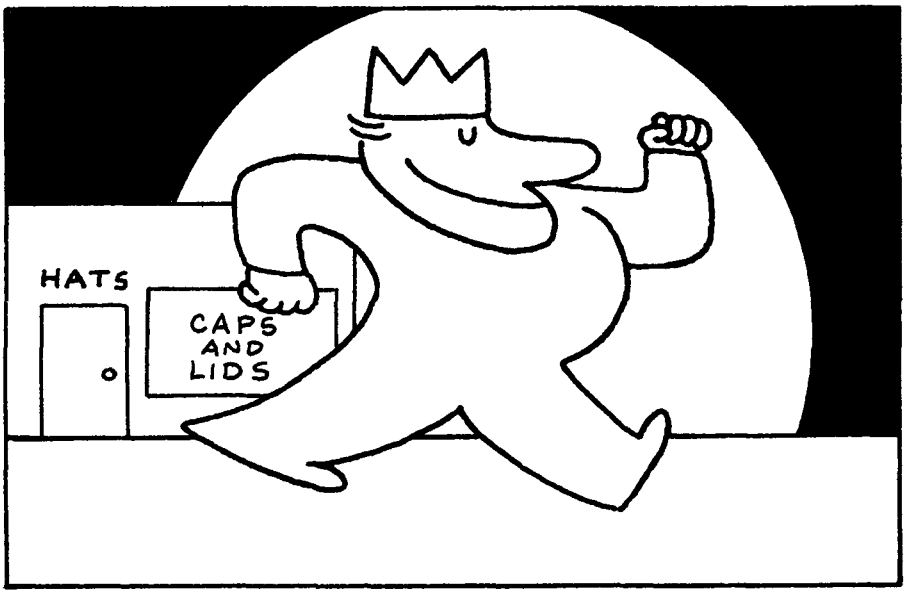

The man thought better of what he had done, and apologized.

"That's all right," said Crafton. "That's why I wear a $50 hat. If it was a $200 hat," he explained, "I'da had to kill you."

I'll say another thing: Nobody ought to wear a Greek fisherman's cap who doesn't meet two qualifications:

(1) He is Greek.

(2) He is a fisherman.

What I am getting at is, a hat ought not to be on a head for a whim. Yeats once said that when a poem is finished it "comes right with a click like a closing box." That's what a hat ought to do for a person. Quite often today, though the person may think it does, it doesn't.

I LIKE TO WEAR a hat around home and driving, because it obviates hair-combing and it helps keep the bugs off. (There is no hat that keeps you warm in serious winter. Among the silliest pieces of clothes I know of is one of those big furry Russian hats that sit up on top of your head like a beehive. If they ever invented a hat that kept your ears and neck warm it would be a hood and it might as well be attached to your coat.) What I usually wear is some kind of billed, adjustable cap.

And these days those caps all, just about, have something written on them. I stay away from the ones that say "I'm a Real Dilly," or "Texas Turkey" (with a picture of an armadillo). For some time I wore one that said "Shakespeare" for Shakespeare brand fishing equipment, because those folks make good fishing equipment and I wasn't averse to paying indirect tribute to the author of *King Lear*. And I had been given that hat free. And it fit my head. You'd be surprised how many people walk around in hats that don't fit their heads, and also how many "One Size Fits All" adjustable hats don't fit all. But that one fit me. But I left it hanging in a Howard Johnson's on the Interstate and couldn't go back for it.

Then for a while I had a cap that said "MF," for Massey-Ferguson farm and industrial equipment, and that cap brought home to me that a hat is language.

I was wearing that cap out on the road and one of my tires went flat and wouldn't hold air longer than twenty miles and nobody could seem to patch it, and I didn't have a spare. I had to go to a place that sold tires, and the man was just closing up, but he was kind enough to turn his lights back on and chain his dog back up and sell me a tire and put it on.

And he took my cap at face value. Assumed I was a Massey-Ferguson representative. Plunged into a series of questions about what kind of tractor would be best for working the little piece of land he had at home, and could I maybe get him some kind of deal on one.

And I had to tell him I didn't represent Massey-Ferguson. And he took it the wrong way. Here he was staying open late to help me out, and either I was fraudulent or else I didn't want to admit that I could get him a deal. He kept shooting looks over at my cap (so did his dog) while he worked, and I thought he was going to tell me to take it off. And I could see how he felt. But I didn't want to think that I was going to let somebody tell me to take my *hat* off, you know. I got out of there all right except I think he charged me an extra ten dollars for my cap. Then a couple of weeks later I had the same cap on and a friend from New York looked at it and said, "Oh, a football coach's cap."

"A what?" I said.

"A football coach's cap," she said. "That's what you call them. They're very big now in the gay community."

Now, a gay person has every bit as much right to wear a Massey-Ferguson cap as I have; more right if he's a Massey-Ferguson representative. Or owns a tractor that the cap came with. But I didn't like it that my cap all of a sudden had a term for it, among the fashion-conscious.

But that's the way a hat is, it's like a word: you have to keep up with all its shifting connotations if you're going to employ it. And you have to avoid assuming too quickly that you do know them. There is a telling hat scene in the movie *Deliverance*. The city guys stop at a gas station up in the hills. Bobby, the chubby character played by Ned Beatty, espies a toothless-looking, shuffling mountain man with an old felt hat pulled down over his ears. "Hey, we got a live one here," Bobby says. The man begins to fill their tank. "I love the way you wear that hat," Bobby tells him. The man takes off the hat, turns it around in his hands, looks at it, jams it back on his head.

"Mister," he says, "you don't know *nuthin'*."

If you saw the movie, you remember what happens to Bobby. □

MUSIC

OPERA ON TELEVISION

BY LLOYD SCHWARTZ

OPERA ON TELEVISION—it's virtually a self-contradiction: the most grandiose, elaborate form of entertainment this side of the Ringling Brothers (not always this side, either) diminished by the most intimate, reductive medium of transmission; an art traditionally exclusionary in its appeal (at least in this country) made available to, and trying to attract, an audience far vaster than one

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for which any performance was ever intended. Yet more and more operas are being telecast, many of them live, and not just the standard repertoire. Starting this month, a tape of the entire Wagner *Ring* cycle from Bayreuth—sixteen hours' worth—will be shown by the Public Broadcasting System. Last summer, PBS distributed films of Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's Zurich Opera productions of Monteverdi's three surviving operas. Along with Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*, we have had, or are about to have, two of his least-known mature works, *Idomeneo* and *La Clemenza di Tito*; along with Verdi's *Rigoletto* and *Traviata*, two *Otello*s and such early rarities as *Macbeth* and *Luisa Miller*; not only Strauss's glamorous, nostalgic *Rosenkavalier* but his garish, aggressive *Salome* and *Elektra*; not only the broadly melodic nineteenth-century staples (*Pagliacci*, *Faust*, *Manon*, *Carmen*) but such abrasive twentieth-century masterpieces as the Brecht/Weill *Mahagonny* and Alban Berg's steamy twelve-tone thriller, *Lulu*. Can any opera house in the world claim to have produced all these works?

Not that opera is anything new to television. Between 1948 and 1950, three live opening nights were telecast from the Met. A work of great literary merit, the Auden/Kallman English translation of *The Magic Flute*, was commissioned by the *NBC Opera Theatre* for a studio telecast, with Leontyne Price as Pamina. NBC is also responsible for that perennial Christmas saccharine-plum, Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. But only with PBS's *Great Performances*, "the longest-running performing arts series in television history," as it bills itself on its tenth anniversary, and its *Live from the Met* and *Live from Lincoln Center* programs—now in their respective sixth and seventh years, thanks to Texaco, Exxon, and several foundations—has there been any sort of continuing expectation of opera on television since the 1950s.

Paradoxically, televised opera works best when the performance isn't intended for television. Opera in a television studio seems to take place in (or create) a deadly vacuum. Characters singing their thoughts and conversations are somehow more acceptable in the midst of attendant conventions: a curtain, a proscenium arch, an orchestra pit, a living audience to respond to. Operas filmed on location, with their intensified realism,

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strain the illusion even more. Jean-Pierre Ponnelle directed *Clemenza di Tito* with Mozart's ancient Romans romping through real Roman ruins: why, one wonders, didn't the Emperor Titus repair his collapsing palace? Ponnelle's elegant Spanish mansion in *Figaro* is more convincing, but his constant use of such a standard cinematic device as the voice-over is hard to take in an opera: a singer's lips suddenly stop moving, but the voice continues to sing. Obviously, it's supposed to be an "inner" voice, but literalizing what the composer intended undermines one of the basic strategies of opera, and we're left staring into the blank, static face of an opera star.

WHEN WE CAN see the audience, the conductor, the musicians, the curtain going up (or down), then there's no question where we are or what's going on. We're "at the opera," watching not only the work but an event, a document of a particular performance. Even Ponnelle learned this. His Monteverdi trilogy creates a special, hypnotic atmosphere out of the Zurich Opera House facilities, bringing the musicians into the action (playing fanfares, for example, on stage) and making the audience active participants in the ritual events the music conveys—especially in the mythic operas about Orpheus and Ulysses—by showing us their reactions. (This self-conscious approach doesn't work in the more realistic *Coronation of Poppea.)*

Still, there's never been anything better suited to television coverage than a live event. *We were there* when Renata Scotto, the star of *Luisa Miller*, was about to launch into her first aria and someone in the audience yelled, "Brava! Brava, Maria Callas!" Both the flash of terror in Scotto's eyes and the split-second professionalism and power of will that brought her immediately back into character were recorded by the camera. And when Teresa Stratas, the star of *Lulu*, came down with the flu and her scarcely known replacement (Julia Migenes-Johnson) was called in at the last moment, the camera was there to record her nervousness, her competence (she had sung the role at the Met earlier that week), and the astonishing moment, near the end of the second scene of the first act, when Lulu wipes her husband's blood from her lover's hand, and Migenes-Johnson, her sexy half-smile filling the screen, suddenly took full possession of her role. Part of the thrill was that the camera could signal that moment by being there at the right time, the technical mastery allowing us to see something we could never fully experience in the theater, even from the best seats.

Of course, the camera isn't always "there." In the San Francisco *La Gioconda* (with Scotto and Pavarotti), during Gioconda's climactic "Suicidio," the camera was not where we wanted it most—consistently focused on the singer. At the end of the superb *Rosenkavalier* from Munich (conducted with electrifying insight by Carlos Kleiber, who rarely conducts in this country), misguided camera work destroyed the most piquant moment of the opera. In the enthusiasm of her first love, Sophie drops her handkerchief as she leaves with Octavian. Just before the curtain falls, a little Moorish page boy is sent running in to retrieve it. But the Munich cameraman followed the lovers offstage into the wings; we could see the page boy entering right on cue, "looking" for a handkerchief he had not been told was missing. Sometimes the camera is too far back, miniaturizing the grand stage and all its inhabitants. Ponnelle's relentless close-ups are even more distracting and damaging, especially because he insists on moving the camera in time to the music—exaggerating what the music is already pointing out. Every now and then, though, as in the slow shift of focus from the messenger, announcing the death of Euridice, to the stunned face of Orpheus, or in the lingering close-ups of the sublimely moving, stoical face of Trudeliese Schmidt as Penelope in *The Return of Ulysses*, his technical mannerisms take on both meaning and power.

But what most of all makes television an ideal medium for opera is the English subtitling. Even if we are familiar with the language of the opera, unless we know the entire libretto by heart it is impossible to get all the words. Perfect diction seems a low priority for most opera singers; some singers themselves don't understand all the words (hilarious stories abound). Thick orchestration, loud playing, or a vigorous chorus can drown out individual voices. The very concept of permitting more than one singer to sing at a time precludes complete verbal comprehension. One can always choose to listen to a record and follow with a libretto, but that's not the same as seeing an opera. So opera on television provides the singular opportunity both to view the action and to enjoy the text and its relation to the music. In some works, such as *Lulu* and *Rosenkavalier*, in which discussion (sometimes quite abstract) can be as important as "furthering the action," understanding every word is vital. But every opera tells a story, and no plot summary can replace living, moment-by-moment dramatic development.

So far, the main technical difficulty with the subtitles has been that they collapse under the weight of more than one voice. How does one fit two or more lines of simultaneous dialogue on a small screen? The first act of *Rosenkavalier* was a dream of lucidity; but suddenly, in the glorious third-act trio, the translation disappeared. The technicians must have thrown up their hands in despair. Occasionally, an important line will get dropped, but except for one large remaining problem, opera can be more deeply satisfying on television than in any other form.

That problem is sound, and it is the reason a lot of opera lovers refuse to watch opera on television. Most television sets are not equipped with speakers adequate for the reproduction of music. Some live performances are "simulcast" on local FM stations, which helps. With a good tuner and high-quality speakers (and no interference), the sound can be excellent. But without simulcasts, cramped strings, tinny brasses, and distorted voices (especially on the high notes) turn off the very audience most disposed to tune in. "Sound is a second-class citizen on TV sets," says David Sillman, director of engineering at PBS, "but a substantial segment of the public probably doesn't want it any better. Audio components raise the price of television sets." In the meantime, the quality of the sound transmitted has been improving. "Around 1979," Sillman says, "PBS went off the Bell System, which had a poor-quality audio line. Now we network our own programs via our own satellite. We put out two separate audio 'feeds'—ordinary mono and a dual-channel stereo designed for the highest-quality sound transmission. There is at present an industry committee—we were one of the founding groups—studying, for the purposes of recommen-

Lloyd Schwartz is the classical-music editor of the Boston Phoenix *and the author of* These People, *a collection of poems.*

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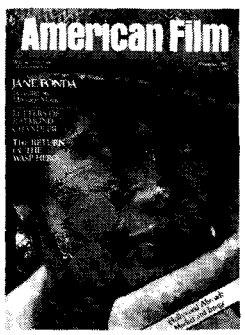

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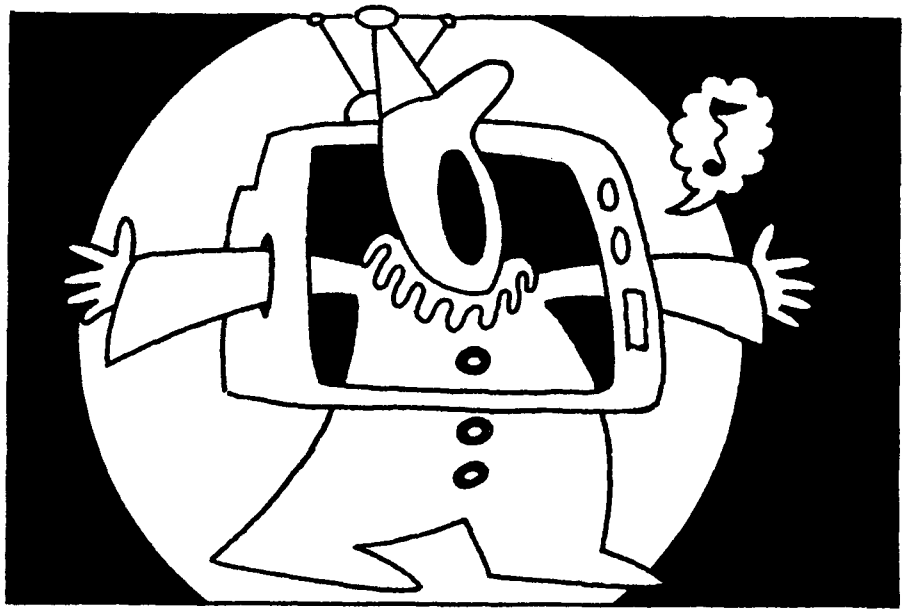

dation, a stereo sound system for TV. The time when high-quality audio will be a way of the world for TV is getting a lot closer."

Television-set manufacturers, then, as well as PBS and its various affiliate stations, are taking more than a passing interest in ratings. The bigger the names, the higher the ratings, though even as challenging and unfamiliar a work as *Lulu* reached more than 4.5 million viewers, in almost 3 million households. The percentages are small, but the actual number of people watching is not negligible. Fortunately, PBS believes that the more there is to see, the more people who will watch.

OF COURSE, TELEVISION can't change the quality of what is being televised, though it can intensify what's already there. It couldn't save the San Francisco Opera's *Samson and Delilah* from its own absurdity (the word-for-word translation actually made one hostile to the work as well as to the production). It couldn't rescue *The Coronation of Poppea* from Ponnelle's artsy preciosity, or his trivializing, sniping ironies. The TV camera couldn't make Placido Domingo's Otello less bland, or Sherrill Milnes's Iago or Scotto's Musetta less grotesquely overacted. It exaggerated rather than resolved the disparity between Pavarotti himself and the young Luciano Pavarotti International Voice Competition winners in the Philadelphia Opera's *Bohème* (Pavarotti seemed more like King Lear than Rodolfo).

But if any single performer has succeeded on television—and created excitement about opera on television—it's Pavarotti. The close-ups of his face (in two *Bohèmes*, in *Tosca*, *Rigoletto*, *La Gioconda*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and more) reinforce one's sense of his power of concentration and emotional frankness, however broad his acting style. He looks directly at other performers, or inward, never to the conductor or the audience. As Cavaradossi, in the third act of *Tosca*, he smiles conspiratorially and reassuringly at Shirley Verrett, yet his eyes convey his terrified certainty that the mock firing squad he is about to face is going to use real bullets. These operas are mostly warhorses; Pavarotti has been able to turn some of them into revelations.

The decision to televise a production may instill a kind of evangelical fervor in some of its participants. James Levine, a longtime champion of early Verdi, conducted *Luisa Miller* with surging romantic ardor and crisp, modern specificity. Scotto, in the title role, was at her most sincere and, after the upsetting audience intrusion, her most vocally relaxed and secure; Placido Domingo's golden opulence was, for a change, matched by his intensity; Milnes's warmth of tone served his affecting characterization. The entire performance, but especially the great multiple ensembles of the last act, carried overwhelming conviction. *Lulu* was even more extraordinary. It's hard to believe that after all its years of neglect and the widespread antipathy to its harshness and sexuality, Alban Berg's *Lulu* would have its most popular success on television. It's an opera that needs to be seen before the pictorial, dramatic nuances of its music can be understood. Levine, again at his most sweeping and subtle, conducted the score—with its brilliant new orchestration by Friedrich Cerha of Berg's unfinished third act—with an emphasis on narrative point and melodic line. One could *see* what the music was doing. Levine was supported by John Dexter's sensible staging, a superbly integrated cast, his astonishing orchestra, and the phenomenal alertness, dexterity, and sympathy of the TV technicians. The telecast of *Lulu* had to be, almost by definition, a cultural landmark. It was also, for those who watched it, one of the most exciting events one could ever expect to take place in one's living room.

The sad thing about all this recent operatic activity on television, with its accompanying technical marvels, is that it has come a little too late. It has just missed capturing live the past generation of singers—singers greater, and more interesting, than most of the stars now active—in their most important parts. No visual record exists of Maria Callas in a complete role (her second act of *Tosca* was filmed at Covent Garden, but even that has never, to my knowledge, been shown in its entirety in this country). We've at least seen Birgit Nilsson's towering Elektra, but not her Brünnhilde, her Salome, or her Turandot. Joan Sutherland was badly served by her live Donna Anna, and now it's probably too late to telecast her Lucia (though she has revived the role), too late for Pavarotti to join her in *Daughter of the Regiment*, or for her to sing Semiramide opposite Marilyn Horne. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Donna Elvira, Renata Tebaldi's Mimi—just a few years too late.

It is also unfortunate that some of the best productions have not been regularly rebroadcast. Now that more people than ever are curious, why not bring back the "historic" 1977 *Bohème*, with Pavarotti and Scotto, that got the whole *Live from the Met* series started? Why not bring back the marvelous Jon Vickers Otello or the Beverly Sills Manon (caught only a split second before *it* was too late)? Or *Salome* with Teresa Stratas and Astrid Varnay, conducted by the late Karl Böhm? Why can't we have a chance to see *Luisa Miller* again, or become a little more familiar with *Lulu*? It is as important to re-see the great productions as it is to see them at all. □

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The cost of drunk-driving accidents amounts to over $24 billion every year in property damage, loss of wages, medical and legal fees. Not to mention the emotional pain to the victims' families and friends.

What is being done about it? Over the years, many different approaches have been tried: mandatory jail sentences, stiff fines, license suspensions, alcohol-rehabilitation programs, and higher drinking-age laws.

No single countermeasure seems to do the job by itself. Tough laws, unless they are supported by equally tough enforcement and the certainty of punishment, don't seem to work over the long run. Even with all three, probably the most effective single thing we could do is to examine our own attitudes about drinking and driving.

How much do you really know about the effects of alcohol? The facts may surprise you. For example, a lot of people believe that beer and wine are less intoxicating than other drinks. In fact, a can of beer, a glass of wine, or a 1½-ounce drink of 86-proof liquor are all about equally intoxicating.

A lot of factors determine how quickly you'll get drunk. Your body weight, how much you've had to eat, and the number of drinks you have over a specified time all make a difference. That's why it's so hard to know when you've had too much.

A common legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent blood-alcohol level. For a 160 lb. person, it takes about four or five drinks in the first two hours on an empty stomach to reach the legal limit, compared with three or four drinks in the first two hours for someone who weighs 120 lbs. Of course, your judgment and reaction time will be impaired well before you reach the legal limit.

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BOOKS

HONORING THE DARK IMPULSE

BY ALFRED KAZIN

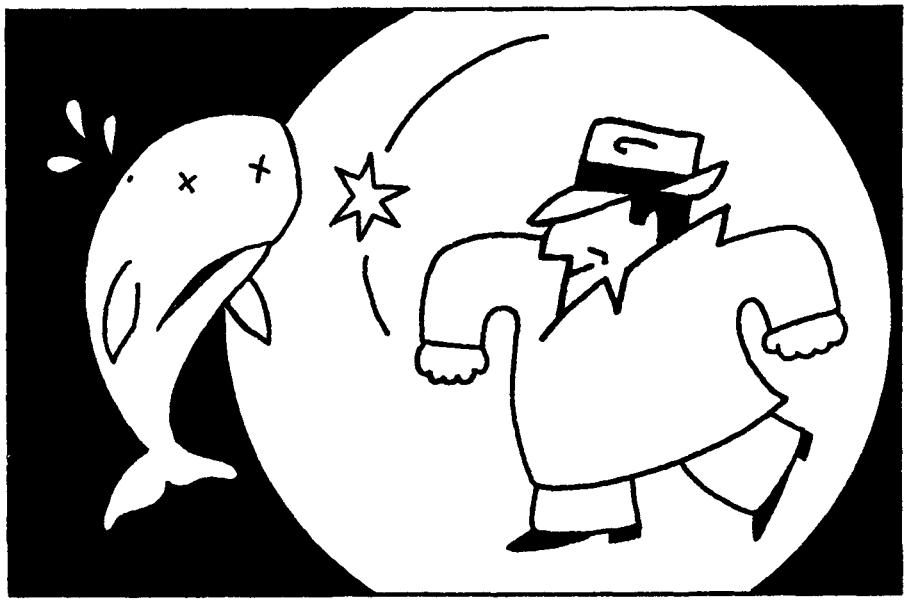
WHAT WAS LITERATURE? Class Culture and Mass Society
by Leslie Fiedler. Simon and Schuster, $14.95.

LESLIE FIEDLER IS the Samuel Clemens Professor of English, State University of New York at Buffalo. He is sixty-five years old, he grew up in a Newark neighborhood that was all Jewish and is now all black, and he was beautifully trained at the University of Wisconsin by a great scholar, William Ellery Leonard. Fiedler's doctoral thesis was *The Medieval Background of John Donne's "Songs and Sonnets."*

I begin with these personal items because, unlike most "English professors," Fiedler has not only read the great books in their original languages but is aggressively well acquainted with best sellers through the ages, science fiction, comic books, horror movies, television soaps and sitcoms, plus every other form of popular and pornographic junk in our great country which his students enjoy more than they would learning the medieval background of Donne's songs and sonnets.

Fiedler himself, however, has never written a best seller; it is not likely that *What Was Literature?* will become one. But he is already celebrated—sort of. Anyone who has merely looked into *An End to Innocence, Love and Death in the American Novel, Being Busted, Freaks, Nude Croquet*, etc., etc., knows, or has heard, that this assiduous scholar and devoted father of eight children is a great threat to English departments. He says openly what all teachers and students suspect and few confess: the academic teaching of literature is meaningless, for it espouses a literary tradition that the young have never heard of and that is for the old only a memory.

Fiedler's impatience with things as they are has covered more than the hollowness of English departments. Even his excursions into fiction, like his embattled works of criticism, are attempts to blow up the intellectual symposia from California to Athens—"Whither the Twentieth Century?" "Does Freud Have Anything to Say to Women?" "Existentialism in the Comic Strips"—at which he has spent much of his time startling the young by his erudition and by getting some Harvard professor's goat. His first book, *An End to Innocence*, proclaimed the end of his vestigial thirties radicalism by praising Senator Joseph McCarthy. He then equated the alienation from orthodox American values of "immature" writers—Scott Fitzgerald, for instance—with an American liberalism soft on communism. From such "innocence" we were supposed to have progressed—a view Fiedler soon abandoned to such genuine mossbacks as Irving Kristol and Norman Podhoretz.



A "neoconservative" Fiedler could never be. In *Love and Death in the American Novel* he insisted that a central issue in our literature is the irrational fear of what he likes to call "interethnic male bonding." In an essay that at last made him as "outrageous" as he hoped to be—"Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!"—Fiedler suggested that "Nigger Jim" and Huckleberry Finn were that way about each other, and that this was central to the great novel. And before he wrote *Freaks*, which inveighed against our deplorable blindness to the freaks we bear in ourselves, Fiedler recounted in *Being Busted* his persecution by the Buffalo police. In the 1960s, the last time that Fiedler and his college audience were perfectly at home with each other, Fiedler outraged the authorities and provoked many snide and anti-Semitic attacks on himself, because he happily volunteered to be faculty adviser to students advocating the legalization of marijuana. (He says that he never smokes it.) But the *affaire Fiedler*, which exiled him to England for a spell, was not altogether a trial to him. It reflected officialdom's, even the community's, suspicion that there was indeed something dangerous about Professor Fiedler, a reputation that his books have not altogether succeeded in earning for him.

For, hard as he tries to be unsettling, Fiedler cannot rid himself of his old-fashioned personal culture, his intellectual training, his Jewish moralism, and his bright, frisky, often impressive gift for sustained argument. Although this book is another effort to annoy the profession, *What Was Literature?* significantly begins on a note of confession and lamentation. Like every *érudit* of a certain age, he is out of date. Because of the contrast between immigrant Newark and his intellectual training, Fiedler has always been as self-conscious as a tightrope walker. But what was once a romantic ambition—to "profess" literature, to be paid and honored for "teaching" the books one loves most in the world—has turned into a dull, gritty, even ominous confrontation with cheerful illiterates.

Donne? Dante? Don't make *this* professor laugh. I encounter graduate students who don't know the date of the

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Russian Revolution, who have never heard that "the unexamined life is not worth living" (and do not know who said it), who ask in relation to Conrad's *Nostromo* what "a Garibaldi" is, and read Yeats without knowing what happened at Easter in 1916. No one who does not teach in America has any idea of the depth and complacency of our ignorance. But it has not made the Samuel Clemens Professor of English at Buffalo turn a hair. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. Professor Fiedler has embraced the cultural values of his students, and that is what *What Was Literature?* is really about.

Yet not quite. Fiedler is obsessed by the mass audience he does not have, the young who in the depressed eighties are so far from the anti-war protesters of the sixties that they don't even attack the professors they have nothing in common with. Professors write letters of recommendation. Fiedler recognizes the young only as consumers of "pop" culture. He is so impressed by them as the majority audience that he demands more appreciation of mass entertainment than highbrows give it. He never calls it entertainment, however, and never makes it clear that pop culture does not arise from the people but is manufactured for them, like panty hose and motor oil.

Still, what makes the book interesting and, yes, provocative is Fiedler's belief that popular schlock is the real dreamland and heartland of the national unconscious, that it expresses the sexual and adversary myths that our busy daytime lives deny. Fiedler is still convinced that the real cross and trauma in American life is the fear of "interethnic male bonding," and is shocked that "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!" was read as a spoof. He truly believes that the essence of *Moby-Dick* is to be found in the presumed attachment of Ishmael and "savage" Queequeg. While he is cool and snippy about highbrow condescension to best sellers, soap opera, horror movies, and the like, he really works himself up at the end of his book analyzing the fear and hatred arising out of the forbidden lust between white and black as portrayed in mass-audience entertainments.

Fiedler gleefully describes himself in the book as a vestigial Marxist and vestigial Freudian. In his enthusiasm for popular culture, he is actually contemplating the failure of Marxism in this country—the masses go in for mass entertainment, not revolution. In detecting myths about sex, violence, and death in their favorite comics, movies, and pornographic novels, he is still a Freudian gloating over "the return of the repressed." But his real guru is the D. H. Lawrence who in *Studies in Classic American Literature* first advanced the startling insight that the dominant WASP authors and characters in American literature are deep down in their "souls" fleeing from their love-hatred of the savage, the red man, the aborigine.

Lawrence had little to say about blacks in his early-twentieth-century work. The only America he knew was bohemian-Indian Taos. Blacks to Lawrence were not so significant a constituency, politically and culturally, as they are to a Jewish intellectual from Newark. Fiedler, who for years has chafed under the burden of a WASP culture that he feels overlooks when it does not misrepresent loyal Jews like himself, here makes common cause with blacks more openly exasperated with the WASP culture than Jewish college professors allow themselves to be. It is in his unease over Establishment manners that Fiedler's habitual provocativeness enters the book and makes for fun. Jews, said the sociologist of manners John Cuddihy, cannot always bear the "ordeal of civility." Fiedler *qua* Jew likes to break out, to invoke troublemakers such as Lenny Bruce, Allen Ginsberg, and "hopefully" himself. Yet he does not belong in this company. Anyone who can write a phrase like "semi-iconic comics" must be a professor of English. With a tin ear.

But *What Was Literature?* does offer some interesting considerations. Our commercial culture *does* illuminate the American obsession with sex, race, and violence in a way that the highbrow culture fails to do. Intellectual inertia and glad ignorance among the young, among the mass consumers generally, just may express a correct sense of what is not significant. Fiedler ignores the fact that our students can't write because they don't read, but he may have something when he says that "freshman comp has been openly revealed as what it has never ceased to be covertly: a last desperate attempt to brainwash us out of our demotic linguistic codes of home, street and schoolyard, and at the same time to

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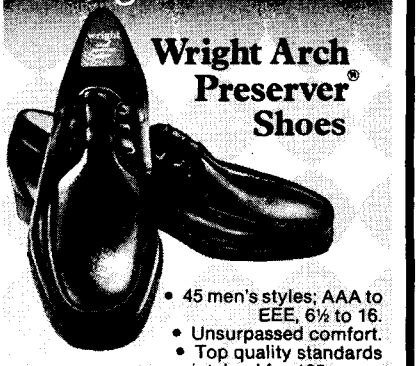

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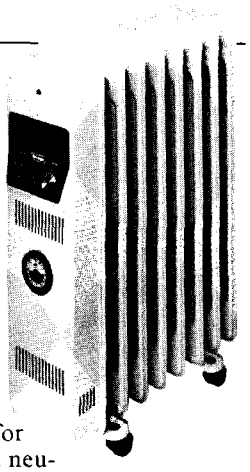

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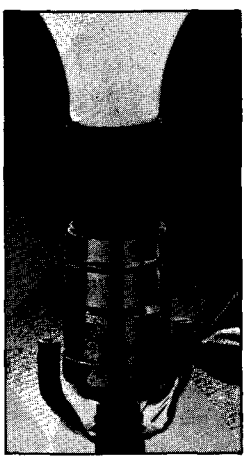
If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. We are happy to offer a 20" long authentic lambswool duster for **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163.

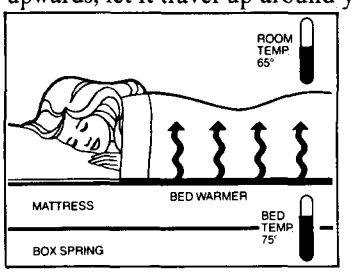
Convert-A-Bulb



How would you like to save more than $15 per fixture when you next change a 3-way lightbulb? Three-way bulbs have some major shortcomings. They are noticeably more expensive than regular bulbs, they come in a limited range of sizes and styles, and the high setting on a 3-way bulb gives you significantly less light than you are entitled to expect. A plain 100-watt bulb gives 1740 lumens of light; a 30-70-100 watt 3-way at the highest setting gives only 1285 lumens. The Convert-A-Bulb screws into your 3-way fixture and enables you to have 3-way action from a regular lightbulb. It accepts any standard base bulb from 7½ to 150 watts. Let's assume that you replace a 50-100-150 watt 3-way bulb with a regular 150-watt bulb. Because of the lumen differential between regular and 3-way bulbs, the medium setting gives the same amount of light that you formerly had at the high setting—providing a savings of 27 watts per hour. The regular bulb at medium setting will last 6 times its rated life of 750 hours, or a total of 4500 hours. If you pay 7¢ per kwh for electricity the savings amount to $8.50. Plus, 3-way bulbs are usually rated at 1200 hours, so you would need four of them at $2.20 each, to outlast this one regular bulb, at $1.50. That is another $7.30 in savings for an overall windfall of $15.80 over the life of the first bulb alone! The Convert-A-Bulb is UL listed and available *exclusively from us.* Buy one for **$10.00** ($1.95) #A495, two for **$18.00** ($1.95) #A496 or three for **$26.00** ($2.95) #A497.

Heat Sheets

In general, the human body is warmer than the air surrounding it. The principle of using layers of blankets at night is to trap in as much of the natural body heat as possible. But blankets don't always do the job they are supposed to do . . . for a variety of reasons. First of all, most blankets are made of woven fibers so there are little spaces to let the heat escape. Since heat travels upwards (and the blankets are on top of us), the heat escapes to warm the ceiling. Now comes the Con-Serv energy-saving bed warmer, a thermo-lined mattress pad that radiates your own body heat to warm your bed from the mattress up! Makes sense to us, since if the heat is going to travel upwards, let it travel up around your body. The bed warmer uses no electricity, so it's safe for small children. It is stain and moisture-resistant, wipes clean with a damp cloth. Available in two sizes: Single/Twin, 36x60", **$10.00** ($1.95) #A392. Double/Queen, 60x60", **$12.00** ($1.95) #A393. For king size beds use two single/twin bed warmers.



Cooking Chinese

There is nothing mysterious about the delights of Chinese cooking. It is a cuisine of variety and contrast that lends itself to gourmet *tours de force.* At the same time it is extremely sensible and healthy, long on vegetables and short on animal fats, without sacrificing either taste or surprise. Once you have the hang of it, Chinese cooking is happily fast, easy, economical, attractive and delicious. But many Americans are intimidated at the prospect of plunging in and doing it for themselves. Our advice: Be bold. The rewards more than repay the initial discomfort at the unfamiliarity of it all. But you need the right tools. That's why we have put together this one-of-a-kind Chinese cooking kit. This is not your typical introductory wok set—each item here is a high quality implement that is successfully sold on its own. With the help of Joyce Chen, who markets a highly regarded line of Chinese cookware, we have created a package that will allow any novice to cook Chinese with confidence. Our set includes:

- a flat-bottom black steel wok especially designed for American stoves (needs no stabilizer ring, can be used on electric ranges) with an insulated handle and a high-dome stainless steel cover;
- a beechwood spatula;
- a Chinese knife, made of chrome molybdenum steel, so versatile and well-balanced that it is the only knife you will need for most kitchen cutting tasks;
- a pair of flexible-handled scissors of chrome finished tool steel for dealing with chicken, fish, lobster and such;
- a Joyce Chen cookbook in a new enlarged edition with complete explanations of Chinese cooking methods, ingredients and tools along with 100 well-tested recipes geared to American kitchens and markets. This complete package costs **$85.00** ($5.95) #A668.

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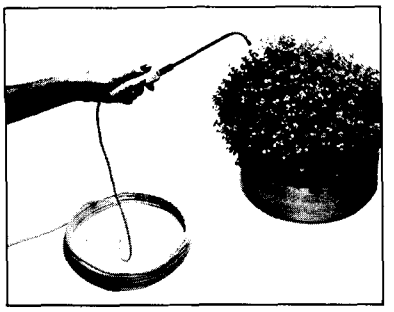
Watering Whiz

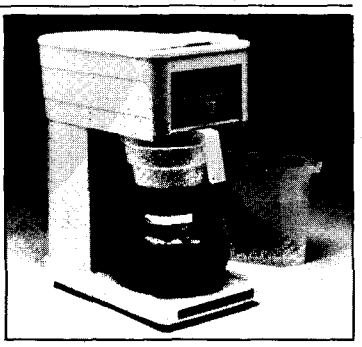


Now you can water all your plants in a single trip with this handy indoor garden hose. This 50′ vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage. The complete indoor garden hose kit costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A341.

Slip-On Spikes

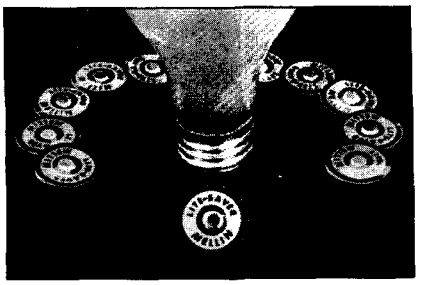
Ice and feet make a treacherous combination. With ice underfoot walking is no longer a mere habit but a reckless challenge to the law of gravity. Fear of falling whispers to us about the danger of our feet flying out from under us in a sudden, total and undignified loss of control. These rubber harnesses slip right over shoes or boots and put four tungsten-carbide-tipped spikes between you and the ice. The spikes fit easily in a coat pocket or bag and slip on in seconds. Order size small #633 for shoe sizes up to 8, medium #A634 for 8½-11 and large #A635 for 11½ and over. If you plan to wear the spikes over heavy boots, order the next larger size. The slip-on spikes cost **$16.00** ($2.95) a pair.

Coffee Service Par Excellence



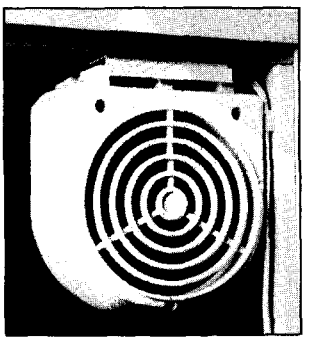
The best cup of coffee we've tasted comes from the Bunn-O-Matic Corporation. They manufacture the vast majority of commercial coffee brewers so it's no wonder that we found their home model outstanding in design, performance and economy of operation. The Bunn home model is constructed in essentially the same way as the commercial models with stainless steel and copper interiors. It utilizes three different heaters: an 800-watt heater, which comes on for about 10 minutes whenever fresh water is added to the system; a 34-w heater, which stays on continuously and keeps the water inside the unit at 200°; and a 65-w warmer, which is switch-controlled and used to keep brewed coffee warm. It is marvelous to have 8 cups of freshly brewed coffee ready in less than three minutes. The basic Bunn brewer, Model GR, comes in almond-colored, nonstainable plastic and costs **$69.00** ($7.95) #A370. Bunn also offers a deluxe model in all stainless steel. This Model LX,—the only one of its kind on the market—costs a respectable **$189.00** ($8.95) #A371. The manufacturer provides a full one-year warranty on both models.

Lite-Savers

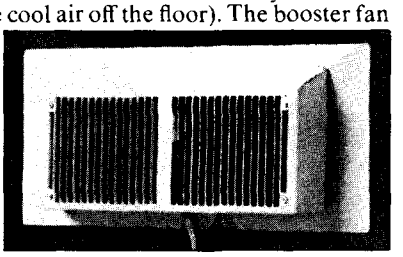


If you're tired of climbing ladders and getting into precarious (often dangerous) positions to change an out of the way light bulb then you should know about Mellin Lite-Savers. Adhered to the base of any *one way* bulb the Lite-Savers can extend bulb life from 50 to 100 times! Just think of the money saved in light bulbs! Most bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or 32 days if used continuously. With Lite-Savers your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours a day. They're ideal for hallways, staircases, or anyplace where replacing light bulbs is a time consuming nuisance. You'll notice that Lite-Savers reduce light output so you may want to increase bulb wattage. They're safe, dependable and install quickly and easily with any one way bulb. The manufacturer offers a limited eight year warranty. We offer the Lite-Savers in a package of 6 for **$17.00** ($1.95) #A548, 12 for **$27.00** ($2.95) #A549 or 24 for **$49.00** ($3.95) #A642.

Improve Your Circulation



Good air circulation throughout your home means increased comfort, heating efficiency and uniform temperature. But every home has its problems, whether it's high ceilings, unusually large rooms or later additions. Here are two excellent ways to help *direct* the air and *balance* the temperature. The **room-to-room temperature balancing fan** (shown at left) mounts high in the frame of a doorway (doors can still be closed) where it recirculates warm air down into the room. The fan has a 110 volt motor with a 10 foot cord and an in-line switch. It weighs just 2 lb. 3 oz. and measures 5½″ x 5″ x 3½″. **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397. The **register fan** (shown below) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor). The booster fan (actually it is two small 4″ fans running together) fits all registers up to 6″ x 14″ and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9′ of cord and costs **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536.



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make us ashamed of the demotic literary culture we have acquired outside the classroom." What is occasionally stirring in Fiedler's book is his invocation of the primitive impulses behind all real storytelling, the personal fear and force that animate the enduring best sellers, whether in Dickens, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, or *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. It is the "buried life," as Matthew Arnold first called it, that is Fiedler's constant theme and prejudice, whether he is defending "good bad books" or the native impulses in oneself that the Jew, the college professor, the literary critic, the good husband and loving father, is taught to stifle.

But what is wrong with the book is Fiedler's assumption that all favorites of the pop culture are somehow equal in value. He has a regrettable way of lining up classics and commercials, Dickens and Edgar Rice Burroughs, Shakespearean theater and TV. Audience response is never in itself a proof of value; as Ezra Pound said, literature is news that *stays* news. Much of what Fiedler admires has stayed only with him. The book is full of childhood memories: young Fiedler was allowed to eat his fill of movies and comics, and remembers them as someone on the psychoanalytic couch might remember his mother's breasts. These fond, subjective pleasures give his actual judgments of literary works the most skewed look imaginable. He analyzes the "sado-masochism" in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Gone With the Wind*, and *Roots* as if the violence of black–white relations made these items equally significant. He totally ignores the historic forces pressing on Harriet Beecher Stowe and the fact that her WASP religion furnished the enduring opposition to slavery. Fiedler may think that Ishmael and Queequeg make up whatever is central to *Moby-Dick*. But in obliterating Captain Ahab and the imperial epic of whaling and pursuit, he misses Melville's obstinately questing mind. God may have died in the nineteenth century, as Fiedler repeatedly assures us, but Melville was not entirely sure that this was so. Ideas play no role in Fiedler's examination of American classics; the "dark impulse" in them is all.

In any event, *What Was Literature?* will not reach the great audience it celebrates. It is in style even more than in argument a contradiction of itself. Literary criticism, Fiedler says loftily, is a "strategy for rationalizing the irrational by converting myth to mythologem. . . . literary criticism flourishes best in societies theoretically committed to transforming all magic into explained illusion, all nighttime mystery in daylight explication. . . ." Imagine the classroom audience, the television audience, the movie audience, responding with a vestigial thrill to that! □

AMERICA AND AIR POWER

BY JOHN KEEGAN

HAP: THE STORY OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE AND THE MAN WHO BUILT IT
by Thomas M. Coffey. Viking, $19.95.

THE QUESTION OF who was the first man to fly long divided the world of aviation. De Rozier and d'Arlandes, two friends of the Montgolfier brothers, pioneers of the hot-air balloon, unchallengeably made the first aerostatic ascent, in Paris in 1783. But the brothers' linen-and-paper creations were playthings of the winds; the first balloon to be able to carry a man, move under its own power, and steer a course (a "dirigible") was the invention of Henri Giffard, another Frenchman, in 1852. A third, du Temple, inspired by the ingenious models of the Englishman Sir George Cayley, designed the first heavier-than-air craft to take off successfully. His machine ran down a ramp, from which it departed before hitting the ground, but it lacked the power to gain altitude. The gliders of the German Otto Lilienthal were built on principles of aeronautics so acutely divined that he was undoubtedly the first man able to imitate mechanically the flight of the birds, thereby enchanting the enormous crowds that came to watch his aerobatics. Powered flight, however, eluded him, and mischance was eventually to kill him, as it has killed so many enthusiasts for the reborn skill of hang-gliding in our own time. At the time of

John Keegan teaches at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst and is the author of The Face of Battle *and* Six Armies in Normandy.

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Lilienthal's death, in 1896, therefore, man was scarcely nearer achieving his age-old ambition of moving at will through the air than he had been a century before, when he had first learned to leave the ground.

And then, in the first decade of the twentieth century, powered airplanes suddenly proliferated, almost as plentifully as the motorcars to which they were stepsisters. The American Langley, the Frenchmen Blériot and Chanute, the Brazilian Santos-Dumont, the Englishman Farman, all staggered into the air in stick-and-string creations enclosing one of the new, small petrol engines, each claiming a "first" of some sort or other. Though their evolutions were comically inept, each believed himself a new Icarus, and each had his champions for decades afterward. The *Great Soviet Encyclopaedia* insisted for years, and indeed may still, that all these "first flights" had been anticipated by a Russian, in the 1870s. Now, however, thanks to a lifetime of painstaking scholarship by an official of the Victoria and Albert Museum, C. H. Gibbs-Smith, the history books accept what every schoolchild has always known: that the first "powered, sustained, and controlled flight" was made by Orville Wright at Kitty Hawk, in North Carolina, on December 17, 1903.

The Wrights' was not a lucky breakthrough but the fruit of seasons of scientific experimentation. That the achievement had been American was entirely appropriate. The United States, with its enormous spaces and scattered population, was made for the airplane, and in time the airplane would draw the country together in a way that not even the railroads or the motorcar had done. But though the first and the best airplanes were American, the invention was not one the nation learned quickly to exploit. The initiative soon passed elsewhere. By 1913, Russian aircraft were bigger, French faster, German stronger, than any that were being built in the United States. The Wrights had grown middle-aged; and a native American aircraft industry had not grown with them.

More the pity. Had the genius of a Ford been harnessed to the machine, the investment energy of a Rockefeller to its exploitation, the airplane might have been established by Americans as a beneficent means of civilized communication before more wicked nations corrupted it to their purpose. As things were, the airplane remained a toy of frivolous European sportsmen until it was suddenly transformed into a weapon of war.

The Hague convention of 1907 had outlawed the use of aircraft for dropping explosives. But the provisions were not properly ratified, and the skies over France were filled with malignant flying machines from the moment of World War I's outbreak. At first, they only observed the movement of the armies on the ground, then the fall of artillery fire; but by the war's midpoint, they were fighting one another, and before the war's end, large aircraft were dropping bombs on unprotected cities. Pointless now to apportion blame; the Germans were in fact the initiators, but the British followed suit without moral agonizing as soon as they could build aircraft to match the performance of the German Gothas. At the end of 1918, a general air war was in full swing, and all the combatants were parties to it.

Not least the United States. Its industry was as backward in the mass-production of aircraft as in that of artillery or tanks. But in foreign planes, American pilots, many of whom had learned their trade as volunteers in the French or British flying services, were in the forefront of the battle. Some, like Rickenbacker, became international aces; hundreds of others competed for that reputation. The United States Army's most senior pilot, Henry ("Hap") Arnold, was kept at home until the very end of the war by the progress of his career. The prospect of the war's finishing without his having seen action drove him to finagle his way to France, and on November 10 he was just behind the front, which he planned to fly over the next day. He awoke to the sound of gunfire, but it was a cannonade celebrating the armistice. In his diary, he ruefully reflected that it seemed he would "go down in history as a desk soldier." His forecast was both literally true and substantively wholly false. History would demonstrate that a desk soldier could wreak mightier destruction than any warrior of the scarf-and-goggles tradition.

ARNOLD, WHO WAS to die a five-star general, venerated by the United States Air Force as its first commander and founding father, was an intensely American figure of his place and time. His official biographer, Thomas Coffey, who in *Hap: The Story of the U.S. Air Force and the Man Who Built It* offers us a major study of the growth of American air power, depicts with great frankness an almost Freudian portrait of a supreme achiever, raised in an overbearingly Protestant ethic and driven all his life by the urge to get things done at work and keep things straight—and narrow—at home. Nothing could have been straighter or narrower than Hap's boyhood, as Coffey describes it. Arnold's father, a Mennonite turned Baptist, son of a nailmaker who had fought at Gettysburg, was a country doctor in the Dutch part of Pennsylvania who worked a twelve-hour day and expected no less from his wife and children. Hap, born in 1886, was sent to work during school vacations at the age of seven and was directed toward West Point—Father was a National Guard surgeon—as soon as he

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January report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

You read it here first. You and your fellow readers loved "Blue Highways: A Journey Into America," that gorgeous and witty chronicle by **WILLIAM LEAST HEAT MOON** that was published in the September, 1982, *Atlantic*. You wrote us: "A rare treat by a truly gifted writer." (Dr. Hal V. Cartwright, East Stroudsburg, Pa.) "A witty, generous, sophisticated and democratic observer. . . . His uncanny gift for catching good people at good moments makes 'Blue Highways' a joy to read." (Annie Dillard, Middletown, Conn.) ". . . overwhelming . . . [it] suggests a residual lushness of character in the American landscape . . . stunning." (Jim Harrison, Lake Leelanau, Mich.) "They'll be quoting his turn of a phrase forever." (George H. Kelly, Evanston, Ill.) "A man whose perceptions are as sharp and cogent as any I've encountered in many a year." (Farley Mowat, Cape Breton Island, Canada)

You were absolutely right. It was a marvelous magazine article; it is an even better book. Robert Penn Warren has the boldness and authority to say, "A masterpiece." Mr. Warren writes, "He makes America seem new, and in a very special way, and its people new." At this writing it looks as though **BLUE HIGHWAYS** may be published in countries all over the world, to make America seem new.

BLUE HIGHWAYS
A Journey Into America

by William Least Heat Moon

$16.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

was old enough to consider college. It was unthinkable that he should not gain entry, or graduate with honor. He did both; but his willfulness, a characteristic that coexisted with a strongly authoritarian streak, lost him the place in the cavalry he had hoped for and consigned him to the infantry. He hated and resented the assignment, and spared no effort until he had got into something else. It took time, time made bearable chiefly by his successful courtship of a rich neighbor's daughter, who remained the delight of his life until power consumed his mind in the 1940s. In April, 1911, he got into the Signal Corps, a step that was unwittingly to lead to the enjoyment of power in quantities that would destroy his health and eventually kill him.

For reasons of its own, the United States Army had made the Signal Corps its aviation branch. Hap was attracted to flying, volunteered for the duty, and made an apt pupil. He quickly became one of the best pilots in the United States. A nearly fatal accident in 1912—accidents killed a large proportion of the early pilots—then broke his nerve, and he reassigned himself to staff work. This move, which kept him out of combat flying in World War I and also probably kept him alive, allowed him to demonstrate his remarkable talents as a staff officer. He ended the war a colonel and, though known as a quirky and insubordinate officer, an established achiever and fanatically hard worker.

Alas for his energies, the postwar Air Service offered little. Though separated from the Signal Corps in 1918, the Air Service had no autonomy and soon very few aircraft. In 1925, when Arnold was testifying to a presidential committee on the level of unpreparedness to which his service had sunk, he revealed that only thirty-five planes were available for action at any one time, a point immediately rammed home by the noise of the collection flying past overhead. He probably risked this more than usually arrant act of insubordination because he was contemplating resignation at the time. With another soon-to-be-famous flier, "Tooey" Spaatz, he had decided that the country needed an international airline, had coined a name for it—Pan American—and was waiting for his financial backers to nominate him the first chairman. All that saved him from becoming, presumably, an immensely rich man was an entirely extraneous event, the destruction of the military airship *Shenandoah* in an aerial storm. Colonel Billy Mitchell, the Air Service's greatest insubordinate and already an enemy of the High Command for his intemperate advocacy of a larger air force, seized on the accident to fling accusations of "incompetency, criminal negligence and almost treasonable administration" at the War Department. That long-suffering institution decided these could be rebutted only by court-martialing him.

The Mitchell affair has become famous. Arnold's part in it, which was to act as Mitchell's unofficial publicity man, is less well known. So too is the doctrine that inspired them both. These early airmen believed in the airplane rather as Columbus believed that there was land beyond the setting sun. To them, as to Columbus, the belief promised a new world and a new era: the United States would be both immune from foreign attack and able to project its power beyond the seas to any point that it wished. This promise has today dwindled to a hope, and a rather shaky one at that, but in the 1920s it could be held with almost messianic fervor. Mitchell was to be destroyed by the violence with which he propagated his belief in the airplane; Arnold was to survive, and, by 1945, to see something like his faith in the airplane justified.

BUT THE AIRMEN'S success was even more of a close-run thing than Coffey conveys in his chronicling of Arnold's subsequent career. If Congress starved the armed forces of funds in the 1930s, it was only natural that the Army should do the same with its fledgling air force. To add to the Air Corps' disadvantages, the Navy detested its pretensions, all the more because of the substance given them by Mitchell's infuriating success in demonstration sinkings of redundant battleships. The Navy saw the airplane as a threat not to the United States but to its own historic role, and successfully lobbied to have the Army's aircraft narrowly confined to a coast-defense function. But the Navy was lobbying against the future; the wide-open spaces and engineering genius of America had combined in the 1930s once again to make American aircraft the best in the world. That the aircraft industry should produce a plane fulfilling the promises of invulnerability Mitchell and Arnold made was inevitable: it came in 1935 in the form of the Flying Fortress.

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The early Fortresses were not perfect, and the Navy impeded their development. There were other troubles, too. As war in Europe approached, more and more of American aircraft production was consumed by foreign orders, against which the Air Corps could not compete. Arnold, appointed to command the Air Corps in 1938, struggled manfully to get his fair share. But he had not yet learned the methods by which business at the highest level was done in Washington. His instincts were for confrontation, and they led him into trouble, eventually with the President himself. In 1940, Roosevelt warned Arnold, in the presence of his peers, that he would tolerate no more irregularity, and threatened to post him to a backwater.

IT WAS FROM that moment that Arnold demonstrated the qualities that were to make him memorable. If high command was a business, then he would learn it, and practice it better than any competitor. And so he did, to such effect that "doing business" became an Arnold catchphrase. Officers of government and civil servants learned to expect that when Arnold hove into view there would be deals to be made from which compromise was the only escape. Aircraft manufacturers, with whom Arnold had been on close terms since his Pan American episode a decade before, found in him an entrepreneur who was interested only in the best product at the lowest price, in the largest volume, and for the quickest possible delivery. His equals in the armed services succumbed to his insistence that the Army Air Forces (as it became in 1941) be accorded full and level status with their branches. The President and the Chief of Staff, the olympian George C. Marshall, were persuaded to Arnold's view of the Air Forces' role, which was that of a war-winning medium in its own right, dedicated to the daylight precision bombing of the enemy's industries. And eventually Arnold was to carry his capacity for "doing business" into the highest councils of the alliance, arguing and winning his case against the barons of the Royal Air Force and even, when need arose, against Churchill himself.

This was his most extraordinary achievement. For the truth of the matter, evident at the time and reinforced by hindsight, is that Arnold was preaching very shaky doctrine indeed. The idea that an enemy could be defeated by the bomber was by the 1940s widespread and long argued. It had first been proposed by the Italian Giulio Douhet, and had found autonomous champions in Britain. The Royal Air Force had indeed become a strategic bombing force while the Army Air Forces was still groping its way toward that status. But the RAF's failure in the first years of the war to make daylight bombing work had driven it to inaccurate night attacks, and by 1942, when the Americans began to arrive in England, the British Bomber Command was still doing itself more harm than it was inflicting on the Germans. Arnold dismissed the British experience as irrelevant, insisting that his "self-defending boxes" of Fortresses would fight their way through to key German targets and begin a destruction of essential industries that would shortly bring the enemy's war effort to an end. His early efforts to put theory into practice proved so unsuccessful that his campaign was threatened with extinction at the start. The British, ever concerned to enlarge their role in the alliance, actually argued that Arnold's bombers should be combined with their own and diverted to night operations. It was only by the most skillful argument face to face with Churchill at the Casablanca conference, in January of 1943, that Arnold saved his Air Forces' independence.

But he had rescued it apparently only for further setbacks. The first great essays in daylight precision bombing, those on the ball-bearing factories at Schweinfurt, in August and October of 1943, resulted in massacres of Fortresses at little cost to the Germans. Arnold's schemes were saved by the appearance of an aircraft that had enjoyed a low priority in his production program. It was a long-range fighter, the P-51 Mustang, which, through accelerated production, he was able to bring to Europe in enormous quantities and, from the spring of 1944 onward, to send as an escort to the Fortresses all the way to their targets.

And so, in the end, Arnold's Air Forces did what he had claimed for it. During a year of incessant bombing, which complemented the RAF's night campaign, it laid most of productive Germany in ruins. And when that was done, the Air Forces transferred its efforts to the Pacific, where, from midsummer of 1945, it had possession of bases from which it could devastate Japan. Between June and August, it destroyed with incendiaries 60 percent of the ground area

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of the sixty largest Japanese cities. In August it was to complete its work. Arnold was the man who suggested that his old associate, Spaatz, be given a choice of four targets on which the first atomic bombs might be dropped, from which he was to select two. The four he indicated were Kokura, Niigata, Nagasaki, and Hiroshima.

Hap's life had moved a long way in space, time, and spiritual dimension from his student days as a Signal Corps pilot. For the men who had taught him to fly, in the quiet meadows outside Washington in the summer of 1911, were none other than Orville and Wilbur Wright, fulfilling a modest contract with the United States government, which did not otherwise seem very interested in their invention. Arnold's children would remember Orville in the 1920s, a gentle old man who softened their father's authoritarian regime, sitting in the family parlor on Sunday afternoons and regretting "that his invention had become a devastating war instrument with the potential of killing thousands of innocent noncombatants." □

SHORT REVIEWS

CHRISTINA'S WORLD *by Betsy James Wyeth. Houghton Mifflin, $75.00 to Dec. 31, $90.00 thereafter.* Mrs. Wyeth knew Christina Olson, the subject of Andrew Wyeth's widely admired and subtly eerie painting, long before the artist met that gallant, testy cripple and her loyal, hard-working brother. The Olsons were stubborn survivors on a Maine coastal farm that, under modern conditions, had become hopelessly unprofitable. Opportunities shrank, enterprises had to be abandoned, even living space steadily contracted because, as one neighbor put it, heating the Olson house was like heating a lobster trap. Such slow withering was not a rare fate for an old New England farm, but Mrs. Wyeth's personal knowledge of the Olsons and her unobtrusively elegant prose make Christina's situation unusually poignant. The text truly enlarges understanding of Wyeth's many paintings of the Olson place, which are splendidly reproduced.

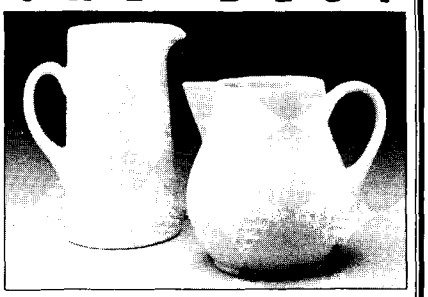
In addition to finished paintings, the book contains slashing first sketches, preliminary studies, photographs, and some early watercolors that are giddily colorful and quite unlike Wyeth's later work.

REMARKABLE RELATIONS *by Barbara Strachey. Universe, $15.95.* Hannah Whitall, born in 1832, refused to adopt the "sugarscoop bonnet" in which pious Quaker damsels were expected to immerse themselves. Unbonneted, at least by a sugarscoop, she married Robert Pearsall Smith, another "birthright" Quaker, and soon led him astray too. They drifted into strange religions and wound up living in England, where Hannah plunged, with considerable effect, into women's rights and other nettlesome good works. She also raised up a positive dynasty of equally independent and managerial female descendants. Her sons-in-law (Bertrand Russell and an unfortunate Fabian politician who was quickly ditched and replaced by young Bernard Berenson) loathed her, but her daughters and their daughters were fiercely loyal to the dear old dragon. They were also copious, irreverent, amusing letter writers, and it is these letters that Ms. Strachey, a great-granddaughter, has woven together to create a vivid, entertaining history of the family and its connections. The connections range from Bloomsbury (Virginia Woolf's brother) to I Tatti (Berenson) to Tahiti (Charles Nordhoff). Remarkable relations they certainly were.

THE WATER FLOWERS *by Edward Gorey. Congdon & Weed, $6.95.* With his usual inexplicable skill, Mr. Gorey chills the reader's spine. His subject is the misadventures of a lace-trimmed Edwardian chatelaine with a pot of white sauce.

THE EXTRAORDINARY LANDSCAPE *by William Garnett. New York Graphic Society, $60.00.* Mr. Garnett takes color photographs from a small plane, usually at low altitudes. He explains how his operation works. "At the same time the aerial photographer is selecting the lens, taking the exposure reading, setting the shutter speed and f-stop, focusing, and taking the photograph, he must continue to search for other air traffic, reset the plane's power and trim, adjust altitude (to fill the frame for the selected lens), correct for drift, and check the best spot for a possible forced landing. Then, im-

THE BEST



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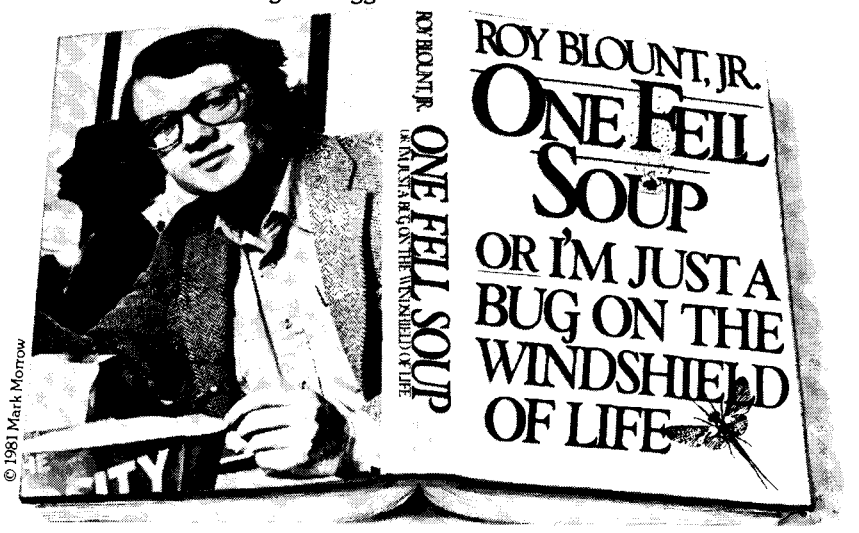

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mediately after taking the photograph and another look at the sky for air traffic, he may have to look at the chart for exact location, write notes, reload the camera, check fuel reserves, check the radio frequency, and give a position report on his flight plan—all while flying the plane." The pictures resulting from this whirligig action are utterly enchanting patterns of rock, trees, rivers, beaches, reefs, canyons, mountains, and plowed fields. Some are clearly recognizable as landscape, some remain abstract despite their captions. All of them are beautiful.

THE JOKE *by Milan Kundera. Harper & Row, $14.95.* When Mr. Kundera's ingeniously acid novel was published in 1967, it won him much praise in his native Czechoslovakia and very shortly such persecution from the authorities that he departed to France. An earlier English translation was in the author's opinion a gross distortion of the book. He approves the present version, made by Michael Henry Heim. Although it is easy to see why a communist government found the novel infuriating, it is in fact more about time and memory and people than about politics. The details of the hero's disaster are communist, but his prolonged, futile grudge could exist in any society, as could the artificial preservation of folk ritual that counterpoints it. In a moment of belated common sense, the vengeful Ludvik realizes that "everything will be forgotten and nothing will be rectified." This theme is dour, indeed, but Mr. Kundera presents it brilliantly.

THE HAZARDS OF WALKING *edited by Carol Trueblood and Donna Fenn. Houghton Mifflin, $3.95.* An Army memo on the hazards of walking employs a full page and approximately 260 words, exclusive of letterhead, signature, and such, to instruct personnel to "Look where you're going." It is not the worst of the examples of bureaucratic blather that the editors have assembled. One knows not whether to laugh or weep, but can readily agree with Charles Peters's introductory observation that a bureaucrat writes memos "because he wants to seem busy—and indeed the memo, once written, is proof that he was busy." He was also misusing wood pulp.

OWEN D. YOUNG AND AMERICAN ENTERPRISE *by Josephine Young Case and*

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The parents and teachers had cause to be shaken. There is, after all, nothing as crucial to learning as the written word. And if there was a lesson to be learned for all time as a result of that crisis, it may be as simple as this: too many of us take reading for granted.

We tend to think that, somehow, reading will be taught. Somehow, it will be learned. And somehow, children will be motivated to go on reading for the rest of their lives.

But the art of reading is no more automatic than the art of writing. It must be taught, it must be nurtured, and, yes, it must be honored by parents and teachers who never forget its value.

Happily, the evidence of the recent past shows that they haven't forgotten. The National Assessment of Educational Progress has put a new focus on the relationship between effective reading and effective writing. The National Council of Teachers of English has made it clear that reading and writing must be taught in all classes, not English classes alone. And a rise in sheer proficiency isn't the only goal.

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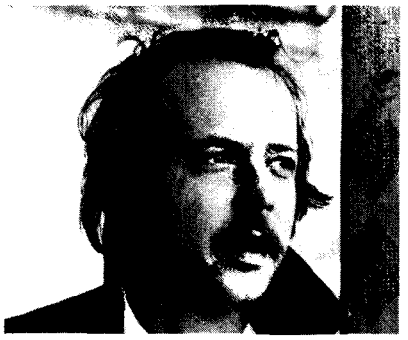

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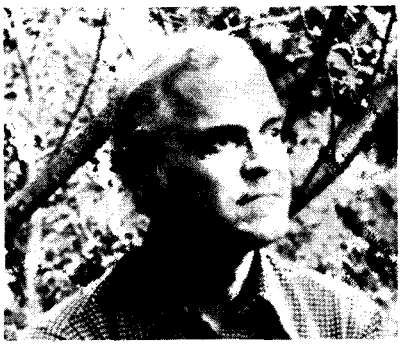

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Everett Needham Case. Godine, $25.00. Young's career was the classic American success story, for he was born (1874) a poor farm boy in upstate New York, and by intelligence and energy rose not only to riches but to high public regard as a progressive business leader and international financial negotiator. The biography written by his daughter and his son-in-law, who was also Young's confidential aide for some years, is overlong but provides a detailed, inside view of half a century of American business enterprise and the legislation it inspired. There is a quite fascinating account of the Great Depression, which surprised Owen Young and his sophisticated like as thoroughly as it did any fiscal simpleton who experienced those times.

Ronald Searle's Big Fat Cat Book. *Little, Brown, $12.95.* In these maliciously canny drawings, Mr. Searle's disheveled felines are, predictably, up to no good in very human ways.

When the Snakes Awake *by Helmut Tributsch. MIT, $20.00.* In 1976, the author's parents were living in Friuli, Italy, where an earthquake knocked down their house. When Professor Tributsch went to help them, he heard many reports of strange animal behavior shortly before the shock struck, and research turned up similar accounts dating as far back as 373 B.C. Professor Tributsch's first attempts to interest fellow scientists in animals as earthquake forecasters got nowhere, but now, thanks largely to work by the Chinese, their potential usefulness is widely acknowledged. The difficulty in converting potential to actual usefulness is, as the author explains, to determine what precisely alerts creatures to an imminent upheaval and under what circumstances the alarm fails to function, for the Chinese have had failures as well as successes with their animal prognosticators. This book is a lively, lucid report from an advancing scientific frontier.

Murder for Christmas *edited by Thomas Godfrey. Illustrated by Gahan Wilson. The Mysterious Press, $19.95.* A quite astonishing number of authors have written tales of Yuletide deviltry, and Mr. Godfrey has assembled them in a refreshingly unorthodox Christmas anthology. A fine present for Uncle Scrooge.

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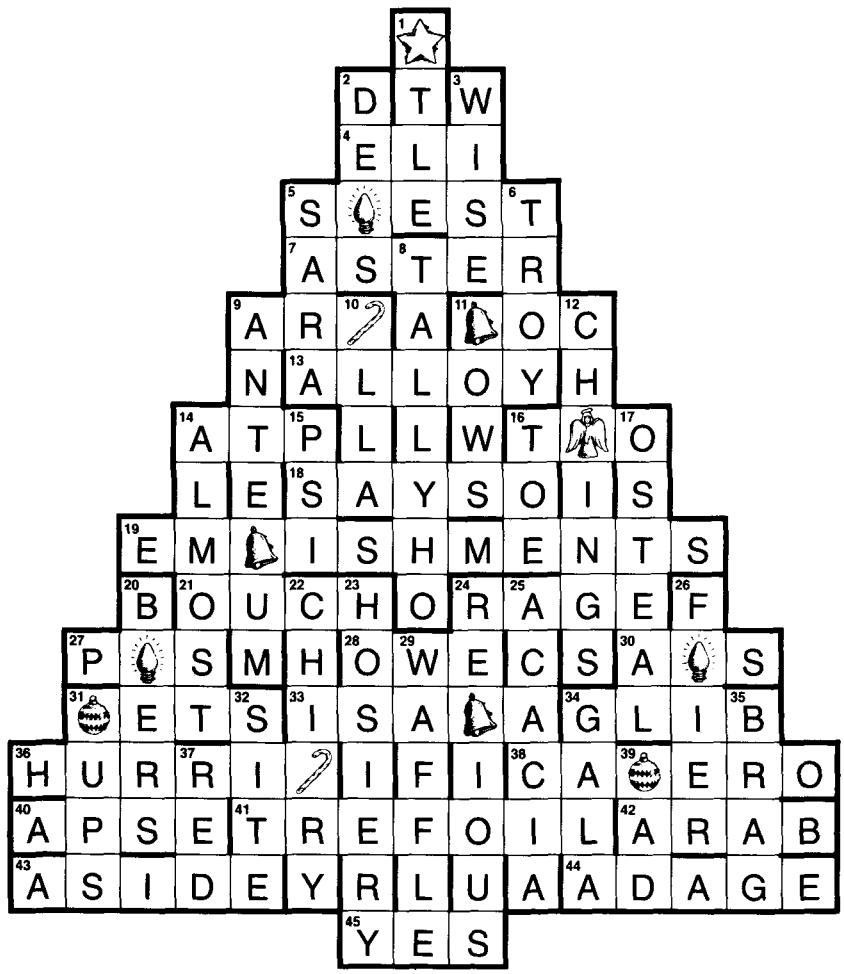

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Down. 1. STARTLE (anag.) 2. DELIGHTS (anag.) 3. WISE (homophone) 5. SARA(n) 6. TR(O)Y 8. TALLY-HO 9. ANTEBELLUM (anag.) 10. CANEL-LA (*clean* anag.) 11. BELLOWS (double def.) 12. CHAN-GEL-IN-G'S 14. ALMOST (anag.) 15. P-SI (rev.) 16. TOE (homophone) 17. O-STEAL 20. BLIGH-TERS (*rest* anag.) 22. CHIC-AN-ERY (*rye* anag.) 23. HO(O)SIER-Y 24. REBELLIOUS (anag.) 25. A(CA)-CIA 26. FLIGHTIER (anag.) 29. W(AF)FLE (*flew* anag.) 31. B(ALL)-UPS 32. SITE (homophone) 34. GAL-A (rev.) 35. BRAG (rev.) 37. RED (homophone) 39. B(ALL)AD

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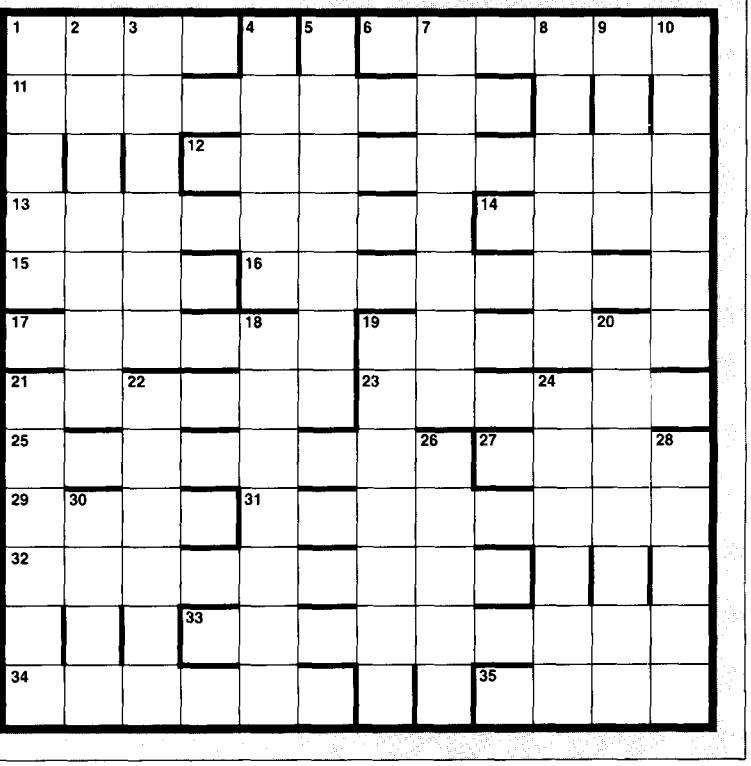
BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

BAR-HOPPING

(Acknowledgments to Centigram of *Crossword*)

Each clue in this puzzle includes 1) a definition of the answer, and 2) a subsidiary hint (second definition, anagram, charade, etc.) referring to the answer *plus one extra letter*, at the beginning or end of the diagram entry, separated by a bar. Thus the subsidiary clueing for 11 Across includes the second letter of 8 Down. Answers include three proper nouns.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 107.

ACROSS

1. Bottom fish gulps end of line (4)
6. Tie tack, undone, found in walkway (6)
11. Carelessly paint a crooked line, suppressing your distaste (9)
12. Oddly, Pa uses a can for cookery (9)
13. Slicer one could turn into a thug's tool (8)
14. Parts with expressions of approval (4)
15. God protects a domain (4)
16. One very captivating team of stars (8)
17. Plan for the end of a game (6)
19. Providing for an heir's land (6)
21. A Roman leader's antithesis (6)
23. Reflectively fret about Mom's heart (6)
25. Composer wearing dress in a moving film? (8)
27. Arrange to go right around curve (4)
29. Fashionable sado-masochism joints (4)
31. To soften semester's beginning, school in Mass. has one opening (8)
32. Peculiar old-time air of a newspaper column (9)
33. Sister, around former nurse, shows lack of caring (9)
34. Sank down in Ganges while swimming (6)
35. Three having quiet feed (4)

DOWN

1. Wood chunk lifted by Air Force (5)
2. Support, in addition, one Republican after Reagan (7)
3. Stay halfway awake, being more worn out (6)
4. Reaches brief solution in spring (5)
5. One who wrote famous letters about town's shortage (7)
7. Yonder's a grand woman (7)
8. First and last, a king's flower (6)
9. Fool with each little part of the eye (4)
10. Sounds of laughter killed fight (6)
18. Sea plant in sound around elevated northern city (7)
19. Feeling reduction (7)
20. Foreign tour rate is a big pain (7)
21. City birds ready for eating? (6)
22. Peg wears hoop for binding (6)
24. Maverick, or a mare wandering (6)
26. One soldier ant is monstrous (5)
28. Very little time in very little city (5)
30. Be moved by a concept (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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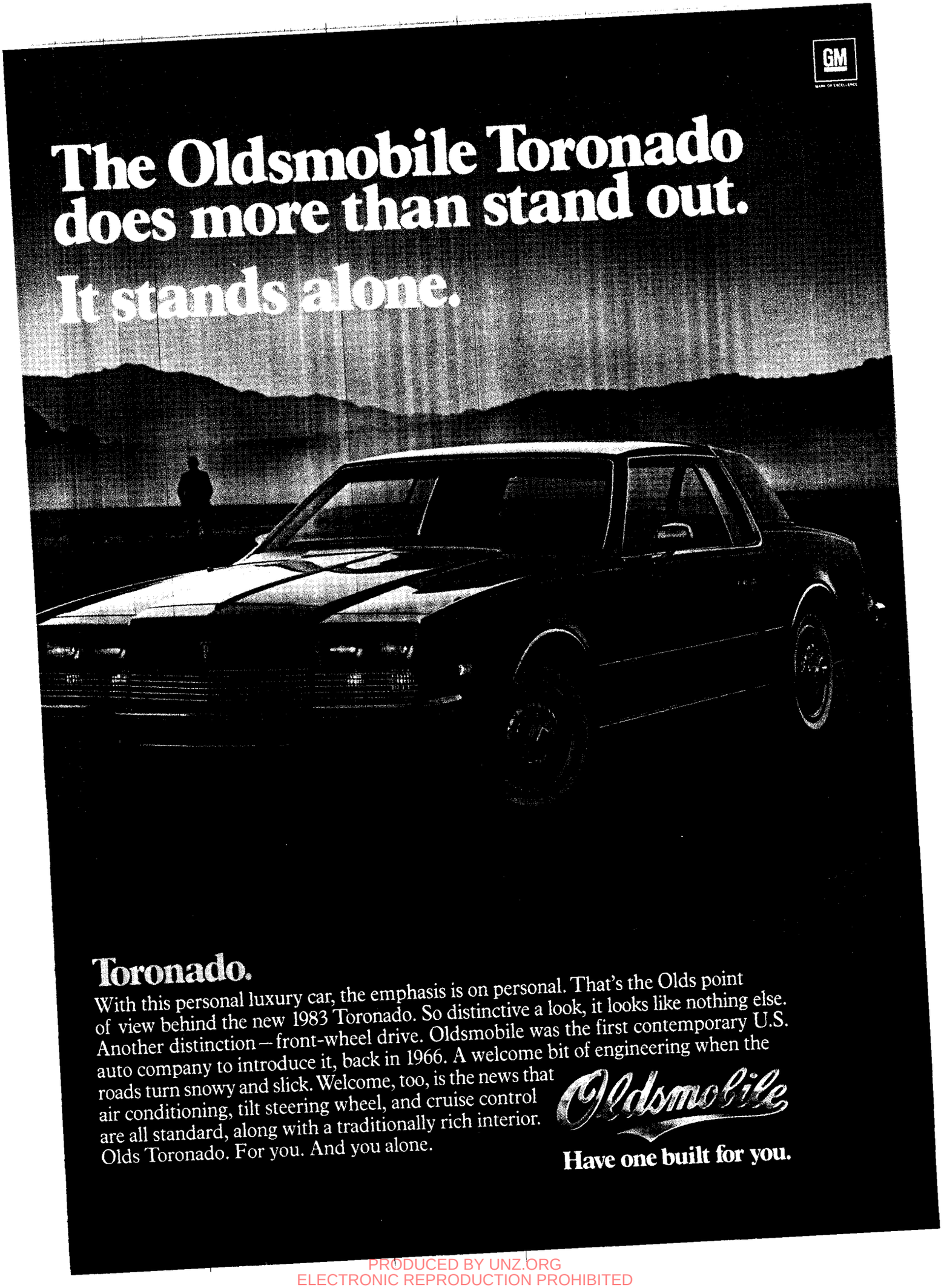

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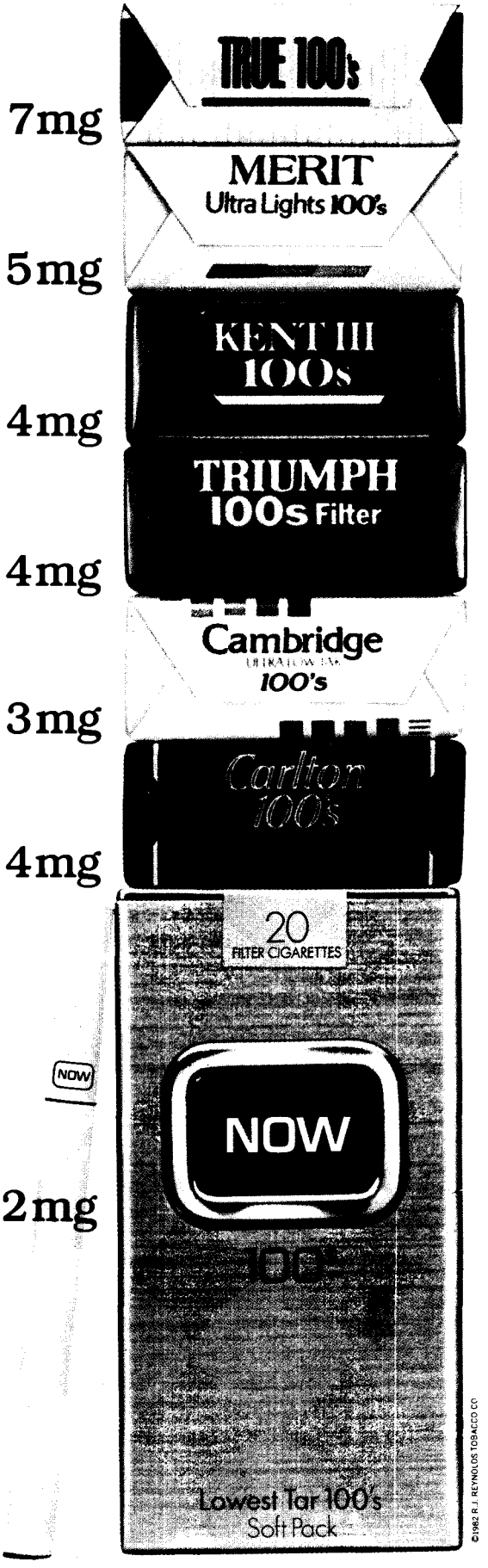

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